

From Fraser's Magazine.

## CHAMOIS HUNTING.

I HAD been staying at Fend (one of the highest inhabited spots in Europe) for some days, existing on a light and wholesome regimen of hard-boiled eggs, harder baked rye bread, and corn brandy, exploring the magnificent scenery round me, and had returned, the way I came, to a collection of brown packing-boxes, by courtesy called a village, which rejoiced in the euphonious name of Dumpfen, nestling cosily under the grand belt of pines that feathered the flanks of the mountains, which rose high and clear behind. In front roared, rattled, and grated, a wide glacier torrent, the color of ill-made gruel; and on the opposite side stretched, some quarter of a mile, a flat plain of gravel and worn boulders, here and there gemmed with patches of short sweet turf, till it reached the base of a noble range of cliffs, which rose gray and steep into the clear blue sky, so lofty, that the fringe of world-old pines along their summits could scarcely be distinguished.

On the narrow patch of turf between the village and the torrent, I found—it being a fine Sunday afternoon—much mirth and conviviality. The rifle-butts were pitched on the opposite side of the torrent, with a small hut close to them to shelter the marker, a fellow of infinite fun, attired in bright scarlet, and a fantastic cap, who placed marked pegs into the bullet-holes, and pantomimed with insane gestures of admiration, contempt, astonishment, or derision, the good or bad success of the marksmen. And splendid specimens of men they were; firm, proud, yet courteous and gentle, well-dressed in their handsome and handy costume, strong as lions, which, in fact, they “needed to be” to support the weight of those young eighteen-pounders which they called rifles, with brass enough in the stocks to manufacture faces for a dynasty of railroad kings. Never did I see finer fellows. And the women! How lovely are those Tyrolese damsels, with their dark brown glossy hair braided under the green hat, with a brilliant carnation stuck over their left ear in a pretty coquettish fashion, enough to send an unfortunate bachelor raving! And their complexions!—the very flower in their hair paling, looking dull beside their blooming cheeks; and their clear soft hazel eyes, with such a soul of kindness, gentleness, and purity peeping through them, as one scarcely sees, even in one and another elsewhere.

The shooting was at last over, the winner crowned with flowers, and the targets borne in triumph before them, the whole party retired to the wooden hut, with a mystic triangle in a circle over the door, to eat, drink, and be merry; and very merry we were, albeit the only tippie strongly resembled very indifferent red ink, both in taste and color. Talk of the *dura messorum ilia*! what insides those fellows must have had!

We were sitting listening to interminable stories of Berg-geister, and Gansen Könige, and rifle practice at French live targets, when two herd lads came in from some of the higher mountain pastures,

and reported three chamois, seen that morning low down on the cliffs.

Hereupon up rose a vast clatter amongst the yägers as to the fortunate man who was to go after them, for chamois hunting, gentle reader, requires rather less retinue, and greater quiet, than pheasant shooting in October.

The lot fell upon one Joseph something or another; I never could make out his surname, if he had one—which I rather doubt. He was a fine, handsome, jaunty fellow, with “nut-brown hair” curling round his open forehead, and a moustache for which a guardsman would have given his little finger.

Now, as it fell out, I also got excited; I, too, thirsted after chamois’ blood; but how to get it! How could I, small five foot seven, and rather light in the build, persuade that Hercules to let me accompany him, unless he put me in his pocket, which would have been derogatory! It is true, that I, being light myself, was perfectly convinced that weight was rather an incumbrance than otherwise in the mountains; but how could I persuade the “heavy,” whose opinions, of course, ran the other way to agree with me?

However, as the men thinned off, and the place became quieter, I determined to make the attempt, at least, and commenced the attack by “standing” Joseph a chopine of the aforesaid red ink, and then, fearing the consequences, followed it up by an infinity of “gouttes” of infamous corn brandy, all the while raving about the Tyrol, Andreas Hofer, and the Monk, and abusing the French, till I quite won his heart; he, innocent soul! never imagining the trap I had set for him. At last I glided into chamois hunting, the darling theme of a Tyroler, making him tell me all sorts of wild stories, and telling him some in return, (every whit as true, I have no doubt, as his own,) till at last I boldly demanded to be allowed to accompany him the next morning.

Joseph humm’d and ha’ed for some time; but gratitude for the tippie, my admiration for Hofer, and, perhaps, the knowledge that I had been over some of the stiffest bits of the surrounding ranges, and had been after the gems, though unsuccessfully, before, made him relent, and it was finally settled that I should go. He went home to get comfortably steady for the next morning, and I laid violent hands on everything eatable to stuff into my knapsack; whilst the others, after vainly trying to persuade me out of my determination, retired, shaking hands with me as if I was ordered for execution “at eight precisely” the next morning. Whereon I vanished into the wooden box, which it is *de règle* to get into in that part of the world when one wants to sleep, and slumbered incontinently.

I had been asleep about five minutes, according to my own computation, though, in fact, it was about as many hours, when I suddenly awoke to a full perception of the fact that I was “in for it.” Alas! those treacherous fumes of “Slib—itz” no longer deluded me into the idea that I w to any existing mountain in the known jumping a ten-foot crevasse was as

a hurdle; or that climbing hand over hand up rocks "so perpendicular" that one's nose scraped against their stony bosoms, was rather safer, if anything, than taking sparrows' nests from the top of the stable ladder! However, the honor of England was at stake. Go I must! so I resigned myself to the certainty of breaking my only neck, and jumped up, thereby nearly dashing in the roof of my brainpan against the top of my box, adding, most unnecessarily, another headache to the one I already possessed—and turned out.

Unfortunately, there was no one awake to see my magnanimity; and it was too dark to see it if there had been; so I groped my way down, with my upper garments on my arm. After "barking" my shins against stools and trestles, and being nearly eaten up by a big dog in the dark, I sallied out, preferring to make my morning ablutions in the clear, and particularly cold brunnen, that plashed and sparkled on the little green before the door, to dipping the tip of my nose and the ends of my fingers into the pie-dish which had been considerably placed for my private use.

How intensely beautiful that dawn was! with the pine woods steeped in the deepest purple—here and there a faint, gauzy mist, looking self-luminous, marking the course of some mountain brook through the forest. The gray cliffs stood dark and silent on the opposite side of the stream, and one far-off snow-peak, just catching the faint reflected light of dawn, gleamed ghost-like and faint like some spirit lingering on the forbidden confines of day.

How intense was that silence!—broken only by the harsh rattle of the torrent and the occasional faint tinkle of a cow-bell in the distance, or now and then by a spirit-like whispering sigh amongst the pines, that scarcely moved their long arms before the cold breath of the dying night.

I had finished my toilet, and was just beginning to hug myself in the idea that I had escaped, and had a very good excuse to slip into bed again, when I heard the clang of a pair of iron-soled shoes advancing down the torrent-bed, that did duty for a road, and, to my unmitigated disgust, saw Joseph looming through the darkness, like an own brother to the Erl King, a "shooting-iron" under each arm, and a mighty wallet on his back. There was no escape—I was in for it!

Setting our faces to the mountains, we entered the pine forest, and toiled up and up through the dark, silent trees, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, till the day began to break, some three quarters of an hour after our start, when we stopped with one accord, of course only to look back and see the sunrise, though I doubt if either of us could have kept up that steady treadmill pace much longer, with any degree of comfort.

Well, we halted to look, perhaps for the last time, at the valley and the village now far below us. We had got to the height of the cliffs on the opposite side, and could look over their summits at the tumbled alp-billows that tossed their white crests for many a league beyond; the sun steeping the snow-peaks in tints of purple, pink, and crimson, and here and there a rock-peak shone with the brightest silver and the reddest gold—enough to send one "clean wud" with their exquisite beauty. Down below in the valley the sun had not yet risen, though man had; the little columns of blue smoke wreathed gracefully upwards in the calm morning air; and the lowing of the cows, and the faint tinkle of their bells, as they were being driven to their morning pasture, floated up ever and anon in

strangely diminished tones, that seemed to come from some fairy world far down in the alp-caverns.

Having rested, we turned our faces again to the mountains, and toiled anew through the pine forest, now no longer dark and gloomy, but flecked with gleams of yellow morning light, and sparkling with a thousand dew-diamonds.

Up, up! still up! across the little sparkling runlets, tumbling head over heels in their hurry to see what sort of a world the valley below might be;—up! over masses of rock, ankle-deep in rich brown moss, bejewelled with strawberries and cowberries, garlanded with raspberries, twisting and straggling out of their crevices, covered with rich ripe fruit;—up! over bits of open turf, green as emeralds, set in pure white gravel, sparkling like a thousand diamonds;—up! through tangled masses of fallen pines, their bleaching stumps standing out like the masts of great wrecks—terrible marks of the course of the avalanche wind!—up! through one short bit more of pine-wood, over the split fir fence, and into the little mountain meadow, smiling in the level sunlight, with its bright stream tinkling merrily through it, its scattered boulders, and wooden sennhutt, with the cows and goats clustered round it, standing ready to be milked—one of the latter, by the bye, instantly charges me, and has to be repelled by my alpenstock, bayonet fashion—while all around, the sweet breath of the cows mingles deliciously with the aromatic fragrance of the pine forest, and the rich scent of the black orchis and wild thyme.

Seat yourself on that wooden milking-stool by the door—(beware! it has but one leg, and is "kittle to guide")—after a hearty shake of the hand from that gray old giant of a herdsman, and enjoy yourself.

"Joseph, what's i' the fardel? Turn out your traps and let us see what 'provaunt' you have got." A mighty mass of cold boiled mutton, an infinity of little dabs of rye-bread, the size of one's hand, and as hard as flints; and—what is that thou art extracting with such a grin on thy manly countenance, as if thou hadst found the best joke in Europe, tied up in the corner of the bag?

A quart bottle of corn-brandy!—I sipper, the gray herdsman sippers, and Joseph sippers most of all, as if he was conscious of having done a monstrous clever thing, but was modest. "Schnaps at six in the morning!—hardly correct," says I.

Joseph thinks that it is apt to make one thirsty (it certainly always appears to have that effect upon him); and the gray-herdsman shakes his head, and smacks his lips dubiously, as if he were not quite certain, but would rather like to try.

"Well, just one thimbleful, Joseph, just to kill the larvæ, ye ken". Ah! you don't understand, it is a mountain excuse, too. Never mind—hand us the becher."

Here we breakfasted luxuriously, eking out our store with sour milk and crumbly new white cheese from the sennhutt. The gray herdsman eyes me intently, and longs to know what manner of man I am. I take pity on his thirst for knowledge. "Ein Engländer?"—I am his friend for life! He has heard of the 30,000*l.* sent over in the French war time, and his nephew has seen the letter in a glass-case at Innspruck. "And I want to shoot chamois!" He looks almost sorrowfully at me, but I have gone too far to retreat, and am very valiant. "Yes, there are three up about the Wildgrad Kögge." That is enough, Adé Andre! Pack up, Joseph. Forward!

Stop a bit, let us load here; we may stumble on something shootable. I am soon ready; but loading with Joseph is a very solemn affair, not to be undertaken lightly, or finished in a hurry.

First, he takes a dose of stuff out of a cow's horn, which I, in my ignorance, suppose to be very badly made No. 7 shot. A small quantity of this he places in the pan of his rifle and crushes with the handle of his knife, the rest he pours down the barrel, and I perceive that it is powder; then he looks up and down, round and about—what the deuce is he after? Is he cockney enough to be going to flash off his rifle and afraid of some one hearing him? No, there he has it—a bunch of gray moss, "baum haar," as he calls it, from that blasted pine. Wonder again; what in the name of goodness is he going to do with that? Use it as a pocket-handkerchief! I do not believe he carries one; at any rate, if he does, he only uses that pattern said by the Fliegende Blätter to be so popular amongst the Gallician deputies of the Paul's Kirche Parliament. No—wrong again; he carefully pulls it to pieces, and, making it into a round ball, rams it down upon the powder; and a most excellent dodge it is. Colonel Hawker has only re-discovered an old secret, or, more likely, learnt it on the shores of the Bodensee; then the greased patch and the ball, and all is ready. On we go!

After leaving the meadow, we entered again into the pine forest, which gradually became more open, the trees more stunted and fantastic, and their long straggling arms clothed more and more as we ascended with the ash-gray baum haar: dead trees and thunder-riven stumps became frequent, rotting in and into the black bog mould, which gives a scanty root-hold to the blushing alpen-rose. Soon we leave the trees behind us altogether; nothing but wild chaotic masses of gravel and stones, tossed and heaped one on the other, by the fierce avalanche—the very rocks gray and crumbling with age; here and there patches of black bog, with little oases of emerald green turf perched in their centre, the black orchis growing thick upon them, and perfuming the air for yards around.

Ere long, even these traces of vegetation became more scarce, and the appearance of everything around us wilder and more sterile. Still the brilliant peaks of the Wildgrad Kögle gleamed brightly before us, and beckoned us on.

Our path lay now, steep and rugged, along the edge of a ravine, at the bottom of which we heard the torrent chafing and roaring many a yard below us. There was a precipitous bank of rocks and scree to our right, quite unclimbable, which seemed only to want the will—they certainly had the way—to topple us into the abyss. Just as we were turning an abrupt angle very gingerly, with our eyes fixed on our slippery path, and longing for an elephant's trunk, to try the sound bits from the rotten ones, we suddenly heard a rushing "sough," like the falling of a moist snow avalanche, and a cloud passed across the sun. Glancing hastily upwards, I—yes I, in the body at this present, inditing this faithful description of my chase—saw, not a hundred paces from me, an enormous vulture! Anything so fiercely, so terribly grand, as this great bird saw I never before, and can scarcely hope to see again. He was so near, that we could distinctly see the glare of his fierce eye, and the hard, bitter grip of his clenched talons. The sweep of his vast wings was enor-

mous—I dare not guess how broad from tip to tip; and their rushing noise, as he beat the air in his first labored strokes, sounded strangely wild and spirit-like in the mountain stillness. A dozen strong strokes, and he took a wild swoop round to our right, and away, like a cloud before the blast, till a neighboring peak hid him from our sight, followed by a wild shout of astonishment from Joseph. I opened not my mouth, or if I did—left it open.

Nothing ever gave me such a feeling of *reality* as the sight of this vast vulture so near me. Often and often had I seen them, both in Switzerland and the Tyrol, sailing so high, that, although well up the mountain flank myself, I almost doubted whether they were realities or mere *musce volitantes*, produced by staring up into the clear bright sky, with one's head thrown back. This fellow there was no doubt of—we saw his very beard! We were really then chamois-hunting—we had penetrated into the very den of the mountain tyrant. No fear of gigs and green parasols *here*; we were above the world!

Soon after our friend had departed, and we had recovered from the astonishment into which his unexpected visit had thrown us, we reached the end of our *mauvais pas*, and found ourselves at the foot of a wild valley, entirely shut in by ranges of lofty cliffs, with here and there patches of snow lying on the least inclined spots. In front, still far above us towered the wild rock masses of the Wildgrad Kögle. The Kögle itself ran up into one sharp peak, that seemed, from where we were, to terminate in a point. Great part of its base was concealed by a range of precipices, with broad sheets of snow here and there, resting at an extraordinarily high angle, as we soon found to our cost, and having their crests notched, and pillared, and serrated in the wildest manner. The floor of the valley was covered with masses of rock and boulder, hurled from the surrounding cliffs, and heaps and sheets of rough gravel, ground and crushed by the avalanches, and fissured by the torrents of melted snow. The silence of the Alp-spirit, as silent as death itself, was in it; only at intervals was heard the whispering "sough" of some slip of snow, dislodged by the warmth of the mid-day sun.

We advanced stealthily, concealing ourselves behind the boulders, and searched valley and cliff in vain for our prey. Joseph was the proud possessor of a telescope, mysteriously fashioned out of paper and card-board; a pretty good one, nevertheless, brought from Italy by some travelling pedlar, and an object of great veneration, but one which failed in discovering a single chamois. Our only chance now was that they might be feeding in some of the smaller valleys, between the cliffs at the head of the basin in which we were and the Kögle itself.

"Feeding! what could they be feeding on, when you say yourself that you left all kind of 'green stuff' behind you long ago?"

So I thought, too, doubtless, by this time, most impatient reader; but on the scree at the head of the valley, Joseph showed me, for the first time, the plant on which these extraordinary animals in great measure live. It has a thick green trilobate leaf, and a flower so delicate and gauze-like, that one wonders how it can bear for a moment the harsh storms to which it is exposed. Its petals have a most curious crumpled appearance, and are of the softest pink imaginable—almost transparent

As for its class and order, you must go elsewhere for them; I know them not; nor the name either which the Latins would have called it if they had been aware of its existence. Joseph called it "gemsenkraut," or chamois herb, and that was enough for me.

Having finished our botanical investigations, we pushed on to the upper end of the valley, and found that the cliffs, and scree, and snow patches looked uglier and steeper the nearer we approached them. However, there was no retreat—onwards we must go, or be declared "nidding" through the length and breadth of the Tyrol.

Oh! those scree—those scree! lying at an angle of goodness knows how much with the horizon—sharp, elaty, angular pieces of stone, like savage hatchets, slippery as glass, glancing from under our feet, and casting us down sideways on their abominable edges, "slithering" down by the ton, carrying our unfortunate persons yards below where we wanted to go, crashing and clattering, and then dancing and bounding far down into the valley, like mischievous gnomes, delighted with the bumpings and bruising they had treated us to! How Joseph did anathematize! For my part, mine was a grief "too deep for sweats!"

After crossing, still ascending, two or three beds of scree, we came to the edge of the first snow-field; not very broad, it is true, but lying at a higher angle than I ever thought possible, and frozen as hard as marble on the surface—one sheet of ice, with an agreeable fall of some hundred feet at its lower edge. We were in despair! We had now got excited and confident—our "blood was up;" and here came "the impossible" to stop us.

"But what is it that Joseph has picked up from the snow, and is examining so carefully?"

"No matter—'t was not what we sought," but it was something closely connected with it.

"Yes, there is no doubt of it; they have been here, and lately too! See the sharp-hoof prints just above! They must have crossed this morning! Go it, ye cripples, (*in prospectu*), we must cross this, come what may!"

We got along steadily, without any slides, though with many slips, always sticking our staves convulsively into the snow the moment our heels seemed to have the slightest disposition to assume the altitude of our heads. It was nervous work—one slip, one moment too late in thrusting our staff perpendicularly in the snow, as an anchor, and away we should have shot like a meteor over the glistening surface for a hundred terrible yards, and then with a wild bound have been launched into the abyss below. However, we could not have turned back if we had wished it, and at last, to our intense satisfaction, we grasped the rough rock that bounded the further side of the field. Grasped it!—we embraced it!—we clung to its rough surface as if we had been six months at sea and had landed in the Hesperides!

At length on the summit of the ridge, we were able to crouch down and look through a crack in the rock into the next valley. Round and about, above and below, we examined every hole and corner; half-a-dozen times some villanous stone made our hearts leap to our mouths. But alas! "it was no go;" there was not a living thing in sight—barrenness, barrenness, and desolation.

Our chance of chamois was utterly over for the day. *N'importe*. Better luck to-morrow. Who can feel out of spirits in that brisk mountain atmosphere? There is the highest peak of the Wild-

grad Kögle right before us—and hang him, we'll dine on his head!

The ridge on which we found ourselves was but a few feet broad and about a hundred and fifty feet above the snow on each side. It was composed of innumerable irregular pillar-like masses of rock, of different heights and distances, impossible to descend at the point where we found ourselves, but as it ran at the same general level, we fancied that we could get on the sloping mass of snow which lay on the side of the peak at some distance on. Jumping from one small table of rock to another—now only saved from "immortal smash" by Joseph's strong arm, and now swaying doubtfully on a plateau the size of a small dumb-waiter top, uncertain whether we should be off or not—we hopped along, wishing we were kangaroos, till we found a crevice which seemed practicable, and down which I went with a run—or rather a slide, much quicker than was agreeable, being only brought up by my feet coming on Joseph's broad shoulders, he taking, as I must confess he generally did, the first place, whereby he always came in for a double allowance of stones and gravel, but about which he seemed utterly indifferent.

On reaching the bottom, we found that, as usual, the snow had melted some distance from the rock, leaving a mighty pretty crack to receive us. However, a lucky jump landed us safely, and for a moment erect, on the snow, and then, head over heels, rolling, and bumping, and kicking, we spun over the slippery surface till we managed to bring ourselves up about fifty yards below where we had started. But in spite of tumbles we were in high spirits; there were no gems to frighten, and no more tottering avalanches, ready to fall on our heads if we as much as ventured to use our pocket-handkerchiefs.

We toiled up the terribly steep snow paths merrily enough, not without retracing our path several times in a manner at once undignified and unexpected—though it certainly was not to be complained of as far as speed went—and reached, at last, utterly blown and sick with exertion, the base of the rock forming the summit of the mountain. Hardly giving ourselves time to recover, we climbed up the last sixty or seventy feet of cliff, and I found myself—first this time, for a wonder—on a small platform, the summit of the Wildgrad Kögle.

The platform was some ten or twelve feet square, and the only approach to it was on the side we had ascended; on every other the cliff ran down in a sheer wall, how deep I know not, for I never could judge of distances from above.

As for describing what we saw from our elevated dining-table, it is clean out of the question; we saw nothing but mountains—or rather the tops of mountains, for we were far above the general level of their crests; one wide sea of rock and snow surged around us; shoreless, no bounding range, no sweet glimpses of broad green valleys and glistening rivers in the distance; no pretty villages nestling cosily under the pine forest—nothing but peak on peak, ridge on ridge; bright pinnacles and clusters of pinnacles shooting up here and there far above the rest into the calm blue sky—deep grooves marking the course of distant valleys, like tide-marks on the sea. But no trace of man or beast, herb or tree; the very wind that whistled past us brought no sound or scent from the valleys it had passed, but sounded harsh, and dry, and dead. Vain, indeed, would be the effort to convey the slightest idea of the solemn grandeur of that scene!



Manfred! Manfred gives the finest and truest picture ever perhaps painted of *Swiss* Alpine scenery, as seen looking towards the mountains, or from the cliffs bordering some rich pastoral valley; but we had passed all that long ago—we were in the very heart of the range. Alp was still piled on Alp, but we had reached the summit of the pile. The only valleys we saw were fearful scars in the mountain flank, half filled with eternal snow, and the crumbling skeletons of dead Alps. No sound—no herdsman's jödle—no cow-bell's tinkle ever reached to half way up our rocky perch; we were far above the vulture and the chamois. We were alone with the rock, and snow, and sky! It seemed profanity to whisper;—and yet there was Joseph, after a glance round, and a short "*schöne panorama!*" whistling and fishing up the eatables and drinkables from the bottom of his wallet, as coolly as if he was seated in his own smoky, half-lighted cabin. He had been born in it and was used to it. I doubt whether I myself felt the grandeur of the scene as much then as I have often done since, on recalling it bit by bit to my recollection. The really grand gives one at first a sort of painful feeling that is indescribable. One cannot *think*—one only *feels* with that strange undescribed sense, that strives, almost to heart-breaking, to bring itself forth, and yet stays voiceless.

We sat long, drinking in alternate draughts of sublimity and Slibowitz, (as Joseph called the brandy,) till the Berg-geist kindly put an end to our ecstasies by drawing a dark gray veil over the whole picture, and pelting us with snow-flakes, as a gentle hint to be off and leave him to his own cogitations. It began, indeed, to snow in real earnest, and the weather looked mighty dark and uncompromising; so we scrambled hastily down the way we came, and leaning well back on our alpen-stocks with our feet stretched out before us, shot down the long sheet of snow, at a considerably quicker rate than we had ascended; and, gliding scornfully past our columnar friends, whose fantastic capitals had given us so much trouble in the morning, we reached, with many a tumble and much laughter, the stony ravine at its foot.

Scorning to finish the day without drawing blood from something besides ourselves, we determined to commit slaughter on whatever came across us. We soon heard the shrill signal-whistle of the marmot, and, for want of better game, determined to bag at least one of these exceedingly wide-awake gentlemen. Creeping to the top of a neighboring ridge, we peeped cautiously over into a little valley floored with a confused mass of mossy stones and straggling alpen-rosen. Here several of these quaint little beasts, half rat, half rabbit, were frisking in and out of their burrows, cutting all sorts of what Joseph called "*Burzelbaume*," Anglicè, capers; little suspecting that the all-destroying monster, man, had his eye upon them. One fellow, the sentinel, took my particular fancy as he sat up on his nether end on a large stone. There was an expression of unutterable self-conceit and conscious wide-awakefulness about his blunt muzzle and exposed incisors that was perfectly delicious. Him I determined to bring to bag, and cautiously raising my carbine—crack! Over he rolled, I have no doubt, too astonished to feel any pain, his friends tumbling madly head over heels into their burrows, whilst the astonished echoes repeated crack! crack! again and again, in all sorts of tones and modulations, till warned to silence by the harsh rattle of an old mountain a mile off. We bagged our friend,

who looked every whit as conceited in death as he did when alive, and re-commenced our descent. On our way we shot a brace of "*schnee hühner*," a species of ptarmigan, a pack of which very *slow* birds were running stupidly in and out amongst the rocks—and hurried on. It was growing very dark, the snow fell heavily, and the wind began rushing and eddying round us, depositing the largest and coldest of snow-flakes in our ears and eyes, till we were half-blinded and wholly deaf. Joseph began to look serious, and hunted about for a small torrent he knew of, to serve as a guide; and after some trouble and anxiety we found it, and stumbled down its rocky banks till we came to a solitary sennhutt, which was to be our resting-place for the night.

After some trouble, we got the door open, and found that the hut was fortunately not entirely filled with hay; a space about six or eight feet broad had been boarded off between it and the outer wall for the use of the wild-hauer. This was to serve us as parlor and kitchen and all, except bed-room, which was to be sought for in the hay-stack itself. Our floor was the bare earth; the logs which formed the wall were badly jointed, and the wind whistled through the gaping cracks in the most uncomfortable manner; one could almost fancy that it was trying to articulate the dreaded word, rheu—matism.

However, the ever-active Joseph, bustling about, found some dry wood, and we made a blazing fire on the floor at the imminent risk of burning our beds, and having slightly thawed ourselves, we continued our researches, and found a shallow wooden pail, carefully covered over, holding some two gallons of sour milk, left by the charitable hayman some fortnight before, for the use of any benighted hunter who might have the luck to stumble on the hut, and one of those abominable one-legged milking stools, so common in that part of the world, which, having vainly endeavored to sit on, and having tumbled into the fire in consequence, to Joseph's intense amusement, I hurled madly over the hay out into the storm.

As the clatter made amongst the shingles of the roof by its hasty exit subsided, we heard a noise which struck terror into both our hearts, and would doubtless have chilled our very marrow, if it had not been below freezing-point already. Devils! Berg-geister! Fly! out into the black storm! over the precipice! into the torrent! before some fearful mopping and mowing face, too ghastly horrible for human eye-ball to see without bursting, or human brain to conceive without madness, gibber out upon us from that dark corner! Listen; there it is again! And—mew-w-w-w-w! down tumbled between us a miserable, half-grown, gray-kitten, nearly dead with cold and starvation, doubtless absent on some poaching expedition when the hut was deserted, and not thought worth the going back for. Oh! the joy of that unfortunate little beast at seeing man and fire once more! How she staggered about, with tail erect, vainly trying to mew and purr at the same time! having to be perpetually pulled out of the fire, and "put out," to prevent her playing the part of one of Samson's foxes with our beds, filling the cabin with unspeakable smells of singed hair! And now she would persist in walking up our backs, and tickling us to madness with her scorched tail!

Having disposed of "*Catchins*," as she was immediately named, as well as we could, by tossing her by the tail to the top of the hay, whenever she descended to thank us, which happened about three

times in every two minutes, we "fixed" our suppers, broiling the schnee hühner over the bright fire, and enjoyed ourselves mightily. After a smoke and a short cross-examination from Joseph as to our friends, family, and expectations, and particular inquiries for the shortest overland route to England, and the number of years required for the journey, we climbed up into the hay, and grubbed and wormed our way for two or three feet below its surface, and, making unto ourselves each a "spiracle" or blow-hole over our respective noses, tried to slumber.

Now, a bed of short, sweet Alpine grass, fragrant with the spirits of a thousand departed flowers, is as warm, cozy, and elastic as a bed can be, but it has one unfortunate drawback—the small straws and dust, falling down the before-mentioned spiracle, tickle and titillate one's unfortunate face and nose in a most distracting manner; and as you utterly destroy the snug economy of your couch, and let in a rush of cold mountain air, as often as you raise your hand to brush away the annoyance, some fastidious persons might possibly prefer a modest mattress, with a fair allowance of sheets and blankets.

At last, however, I was dozing off, tired of hearing Joseph muttering what certainly were not his prayers, rustling fretfully, and sneezing trumpet-like at intervals, as some straw, more inquisitive than usual, made a tour of inspection up his nostril, when I suddenly heard a round Tyrolese oath rapped out with great fervor, and something whirled over my head and plumped against the timbers of the roof. Dreamily supposing that it was the aforesaid cumbrous Tyrolese excretion, which Joseph had jerked out with such energy as to send it clean across the cabin, I was gliding back into oblivion, when something with an evil smell, and making a noise like a miniature stocking-machine, tumbled down my spiracle, plump into my face. Waking fully, I at once perceived that it was the cat, not the oath, I had heard fly over me shortly before, she, in the excess of her gratitude, being determined to stick as closely to us as possible. Following Joseph's example, I seized her by the tail, and whirled her, purring uninterceptedly, as far as I could. Ere many minutes had elapsed, she was again launched forth by the infuriated Joseph, and backwards and forwards she flew at least half-a-dozen times between us, without appearing in the least disconcerted, perhaps, indeed, finding the exercise conducive to the assimilation of the sour milk, till nature could stand no more, and we fell fast asleep.

Whether she spent the night on our faces, in alternate watches, I know not, but I had ghastly dreams, and when I woke in the morning, I found my hand and arm thrust forth from the hay, reposing on a cool and clean counterpane of snow, which had drifted in during the night, as if I had been repelling her advances in my sleep.

Feeling very cold and damp, we turned out as soon as we woke, and, blowing up the embers of the fire, warmed ourselves as well as we could, and took a peep out into the night. The storm had passed away, leaving everything covered with a veil of snow, that gleamed faintly under the intense black-blue sky. The stars were beginning to assume that peculiar sleepy, twinkling appearance which shows that their night-watch is drawing to a close, and everything lay in still, calm rest around us.

We breakfasted sparingly, as our provisions

were beginning to run short, thanks to the keen mountain air and our hard work the day before, and just as the first cold chill of the approaching dawn began to be felt, we left the cabin, shutting up Catchins, and hanging the marmot on a peg out of her reach, till our return.

Our day's route lay more round to the left of the Wildgrad Kögge. The scene was for some time a repetition of that of the day before, but the cliffs were still more precipitous and the ravines narrower and more difficult to traverse. Many a tumble we got for the first hour amongst the boulders covered with treacherous moss and cowberry plants, but before sunrise we had left all vegetation behind us again, and were up amongst the crags and the snow.

As we ascended, we saw a valley to our left, filled to the brim with dense mist, which, as soon as the sun began to tinge the highest peaks, rose in swirling columns, and shut out everything that was not in our immediate vicinity. This was advantageous, as, although it prevented our seeing, it at the same time prevented our being seen from the cliffs before we reached our best ground. We toiled on steadily, crossing vast beds of snow, and occasionally the roots of some glacier, that threw itself into the valleys to our left, climbing, scrambling, and slipping, but still steadily ascending, till we got to where Joseph expected to fall in with a chamois, when we called a halt, and, sheltering ourselves behind a mass of rock from the keen morning wind, waited for the clearing of the mist.

The Alp-spirit seemed to be amusing himself mightily with this same mist! at one moment, catching it up in huge masses, he piled it on the sharp peaks, as if to make himself a comfortable cushion; and then, sitting suddenly down to try its efficacy, drove it in all directions by his "lubber weight." Enraged, he tossed and tumbled it about for some time, and at last spread it into one broad level plain, with the higher peaks standing out clear and sharp, like rocks from a calm sea. Now and then the mist would disappear entirely for a few moments, leaving everything clear and bright; then a small cloud, "like a man's hand," would form on the side of some distant peak, and, spreading out with inconceivable rapidity, would envelop us in its boiling wreaths, while the wind, ever and anon rushing down some unexpected gully, cut a tunnel right through it, giving us glimpses of distant mountains and snow-fields, looking near and strange as if seen through a telescope.

At last the sun began to shine out cheerily and steadily, and the breeze gave a freshness and buoyancy to our spirits never to be felt except on high mountains. The heavy atmosphere of the valleys squeezes one's soul into its case, and sits on the lid like an incubus. That blessed mountain spirit is the only power who takes the lid off altogether, and lets the soul out of its larva-case to revel in the strange beauties of his domain without restraint!

After a time, we found ourselves in a region of snow-fields, filling up broad valleys, lying calm and shadowless in the bright sunshine. Here and there, they were marked by delicate blue lines, where the crevasses allowed the substratum of ice to be seen, showing that these apparently eternal and immovable plains of snow were slowly but steadily flowing downwards, to appear as splintered glaciers in the valleys far below; and here and there again, dark ridges, standing sharply up from the snow-bed, marked the course of buried moun-

tain ranges, and gave some idea of the vast depth of the deposit.

But wonderfully beautiful as these plains were, and strange and wild as they appeared to an English eye, with a brilliant August sun pouring his whole flood of light and warmth upon them, they were not the great points of interest to us. Those mighty ranges of cliff, rising tier above tier to our right, fretted with a pure white lace-work of fresh fallen snow, with here and there vast beds of screes shot from above, giving promise of gensenkraut, were the bits we scanned with the greatest eagerness. We had come for chamois, and I am afraid, looked upon the rest as of very secondary importance.

We were advancing along the base of the lowest tier of cliff, which had a sort of step of snow running along it about half-way up for some half-a-mile, bounded at one end by an immense mass of screes and precipice, and at the other by a sudden turn of the rock, when Joseph suddenly dashing off his hat and throwing himself prostrate behind a stone, dragged me down beside him, with a vice-like grasp, that left its mark on my arm for many a day after. Utterly taken aback at the suddenness of my prostration, I lay beside him, wondering at the change that had come over his face; he was as white as marble, his moustache worked with intense excitement, and his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets as he glared at the cliff. Following his line of sight, I glanced upwards, and my eye was instantly arrested by something—it moved—again—and again! With shaking hand I directed the telescope to the point, and there, at the end of it, hopping fearlessly on the shivered mountain side, scratching its ear with its hind foot, and nibbling daintily the scattered bits of gensenkraut that sprang up between the stones, stood fearless and free—a chamois!

After watching him with intense interest for some moments, we drew back, scarcely daring to breathe, and, sheltering ourselves behind a large stone, held a council of war. It was evidently impossible to approach him from where we were: we could not have moved ten steps towards him without the certainty of being discovered; our only chance was to get above him, and so cut him off from the higher ranges. Crawling backwards, we managed to place a low range of rock between ourselves and the cliffs, and then making a wide sweep, we reached their base at some distance from where the chamois was feeding.

After examining the precipice for some time, we found that the only mode of access to its summit, here some three or four hundred feet above us, was by a sort of ravine, what would be called in the Swiss Alps a *cheminée*, a species of fracture in the strata, the broken edges of which would give us some foot and hand hold: at its upper termination we could see the end of a small glacier, slightly overhanging the cliff, from which a small stream leapt from ledge to ledge, only alive in the last hour or two of sun-warmth, giving promises, which certainly were faithfully fulfilled, of additional slipperiness and discomfort. But we had no choice; we had already spent nearly an hour in our cautious circuit. Our scramble, wherever it took place, would cost us nearly another before we got above our expected prey, and if we hesitated much longer, he might take a fancy to march off altogether in search of the rest of the herd. So up we went, dragging ourselves and each other up the wet slippery rocks, getting a shivering "swish" of ice-cold water in

our faces every now and then, till we got about half-way up, when, just as we were resting for a moment to take breath, we heard a tremendous roar, followed by a splintering crash just above our heads, and had the pleasure of seeing the fragments of some half-a-ton of ice, which had fallen from the glacier above, fly out from the shelf of rock under which we were resting, and spin down the rugged path we had just ascended.

Thinking that this was quite near enough to be pleasant, and "calculating" that by every doctrine of chances the same thing would not happen twice in the same half hour, we scrambled up as fast as we could before the next instalment became due, and at last reached safely the top of the precipice.

We certainly had not much to boast of as far as walking went, when we got there, for the snow and rocks were tumbled about in a very wild manner. If we slipped off a rock, we tumbled waist-deep into the soft, melting snow-drifts, and when we tumbled on the snow, there was always some lurking rock ready to remind us of his presence by a hearty thump; however, as we were fairly above the chamois, our excitement carried us on. I do not think that Joseph swore once; we found afterwards indeed, to our cost, that in one of his involuntary summersets, he had broken the bottle, and narrowly escaped being bayoneted by the fragments; however, we did not know it then, and so scrambled on in contented ignorance, until we reached the spot on the cliffs to our right, which we had marked as being above our prey. Here, however, we found that it was impossible to get near enough to the edge to look over, as the fresh-fallen snow threatened to part company from the rock, and carry us with it, on the slightest indiscretion on our parts. Crouching down in the snow, we listened for some hint of our friend's whereabouts, and had not waited more than a minute when the faint clatter of a stone far below convinced us that he was on the move: keeping low, we wallowed along till we came to where the crest of the cliff, showing a little above the snow, gave us a tolerable shelter; carefully crawling to the edge, we peeped over, and saw, as we expected, that the gems had shifted his quarters, and, as luck would have it, was standing on the snow-bed half-way up the cliff, immediately below us.

Trembling, partly with excitement, and partly from the under-waistcoat of half-melted snow we had unconsciously assumed in our serpentine wriggings, we lay and watched the graceful animal below us. He evidently had a presentiment that there was something "no canny" about the mountain-side; some eddy had perhaps reached his delicate nostrils, laden with the taint of an intruder. With his head high in the air, and his ears pointed forwards, he stood examining—as wiser brutes than he sometimes do—every point of the compass but the right. One foot was advanced; one moment more, and he would have gone; when crack! close to my ear, just as I was screwing up my nerves for a long shot, went Joseph's heavy rifle. With a sinking heart I saw the brute take a tremendous bound, all four hoofs together, and then, like a rifle-ball glancing over the bosom of a calm lake, bound after bound carried him away and away over the snow-field, and round the corner to our right, before I had recovered my senses sufficiently to take a desperate snap at him.

What we said, or felt, or how we got over the face of that cliff, I know not. A dim recollection of falling stones and dust showering round us—

pieces of treacherous rock giving way in our hands and under our feet, bruising slides, and one desperate jump over the chasm between the cliff and the snow—and there we were both, standing pale and breathless, straining our eyes for some scarcely expected trace of blood to give us hope.

Not a drop tinged the unsullied snow at the place where he had made his first mad bound, nor at the second, nor at the third; but a few paces further on, one ruby-tinged hole showed where the hot blood had sunk through the melting snow.

Too excited to feel any uprising of envy, hatred, or malice against my more fortunate companion, I raced along the white incline, leaving him behind reloading his rifle—which was always a sort of solemn rite with him—and following, without difficulty, the deep indentations of the animal's hoofs, I came to where the cliffs receded into a sort of small bay, with its patch of snow on the same plane with the one I was on, but separated from it by a rugged promontory of cliff and broken rock. Cautiously I scrambled round the point, removing many a stone that seemed inclined to fall and give the alarm to the watchful chamois, and peeping cautiously round the last mass of rock that separated me from the snow patch, I saw the poor brute, standing not more than sixty yards from me, his hoofs drawn close together under him, ready for a desperate rush at the cliff at the first sound that reached him; his neck stretched out, and his muzzle nearly touching the snow, straining every sense to catch some inkling of the whereabouts of the mischief he felt was near him.

With my face glowing as if it had been freshly blistered, a dryness and lumping in my throat, as if I had just escaped from an unsuccessful display of Mr. Calcraft's professional powers, and my heart thud-thudding against my ribs at such a rate that I really thought the gems must hear it in the stillness, I raised my carbine. Once, at the neck just behind the ear, I saw the brown hide clear at the end of the barrel, but I dared not risk such a chance; and so, stringing my nerves, I shifted my aim to just behind the shoulder—one touch of the cold trigger, and as the thin gases streamed off, rejoicing at their liberation, I saw the chamois shrink convulsively when the ball struck him, and then fall heavily on the snow, shot right through the heart. With a who-whoop! that might have been heard half-way to Innsbruck, I rushed up to him;—one sweep of the knife.—the red blood bubbled out on to the snow that shrunk and wasted before its hot touch, as if it felt itself polluted, and there lay stretched out in all its beauty before me the first gems I ever killed—just as Joseph came up, panting, yelling and jodling, and rejoicing at my success, without a shade of envy in his honest heart.

Now I believe, in all propriety, we ought to have been melancholy, and moralized over the slain. That rich, soft black eye, flaring over with the frosty breath of death, and that last convulsive kick of the hind legs, ought perhaps to have made us feel that we had done rather a brutal and selfish thing; but they did not. 'This is a truthful narrative, and I must confess that our only feeling was one of unmixed rejoicing.

I have occasionally moralized over a trout, flopping about amongst the daisies and buttercups, and dying that horrible suffocation death of my causing; but it was never, if I remember right, the first trout I had killed that day. My feelings always get finer as my pannier gets fuller, particularly if it be a warm afternoon, and I have lunched.

But as for the unfortunate gems, we rejoiced over him exceedingly; we shook hands over him; we sat beside him, and on him; we examined him, carefully, minutely, scientifically, from stem to stern. I firmly believe that I could pick him out at this moment from the thousand ghosts that attend the silver-horned Gamsen König, if I had but the good luck to fall in with his majesty and his charmed suite.

Joseph's ball had struck him high up on the neck, but had not inflicted anything like a severe wound. Had we fired on him from below, he would have scaled the cliffs in a moment, and been no more seen, at least by us; but as he knew that the mischief was above him, he dared not ascend—to descend was impossible; and so, getting to a certain extent pounded, he gave me the rare chance of a second shot.

Long we sat and gazed at the chamois; and the wild scene before us—never shall I forget it!—shut in on three sides by steep and frowning cliffs, in front the precipice, and far, far down, the wild, rocky valleys, divided by shivered ridges, rising higher and higher till they mounted up into the calm, pure snow-range, set in the frame of the jutting promontories on each side of us—looking the brighter and the "holier" from the comparative shade in which we were. Not a sound but the occasional faint "swish" of the waterfall that drained from the snow-bed—not a living thing *now* but our two selves standing side by side on the snow. We had killed the third, and there he lay stiffening between us!

But, hillo! Joseph! we are nearly getting sentimental, after all, over this brute, (that I should say so!) who has all but broken our necks already, and who in all human probability will do so entirely before we have done with him. Fish up the decanter, and let us have a schnaps over our quarry; my throat and lips are burning, as if I had lunched off quick-lime. Well, what are you fumbling at? Oh, horror! Joseph's hand returns empty from the bag, with a large cut on one of the fingers—weeping tears of blood! The bottle is smashed!—smashed to atoms! and the unconscious Joseph has had the celestial liquor trickling down his back—how long we know not, and care not; it is "gone, and forever!"

Like the summer-dried fountain,  
When our need is the sorest!

But it is of no use blaspheming in that manner, Joseph; not one of those ten hundred and fifty millions of bad spirits you are invoking so freely will bring us back one drop of our good ones; so we must e'en "girn and bide." But still it is as bad as bad can be—not a drop of water for hours to come, perhaps.

Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

Munching snow only chars one's lips like hot cinders, and the cool "swish" of the waterfall there below us only makes one the more thirsty. Let us be off out of ear-shot of it, at any rate. Take up the gems, and let us dream of cool, bubbling runlets and iced sour milk as we go.

Dream! quotha! we must dream of how we are to go at all, first, and a very nightmare sort of dream it promises to be; we are regularly pounded; not a vestige of a crack or crevice up which to worm ourselves in the whole face of the semi-circular range of cliffs beneath which we stand; and,



moreover, they are all of that upside down, overhanging style, that precludes all climbing. We must retrace our steps as we best can, and try where we descended.

Well, Joseph, where did we come down—eh? Not there! Nonsense!—impossible! Yes! too true, there it was; there are our tracks in the snow, and the dust and stones that were so obliging as to accompany us to the bottom, and be hanged to them! But the cliff has surely grown since then. It looks as high as Gallantry Bower, in dear old North Devon.—I wish I were at the top or bottom either of *that*, instead of where I am! There is not a hundred feet difference between them. Three hundred feet, the cliff is, if an inch; We can never do it! Let us make a cast round by the screes, and see if we cannot get down that way.

We did so, but found that they were quite impassable. What looked like a continuous shoot when seen from below, we found to be divided by two or three ledges of rock, and the angle at which they lay rendered it impossible for anything heavier-footed than a gems to pass them. We must up the cliff! We had no choice.

Now, to begin, it was no easy thing to get at the cliff at all. That confounded gap between the snow and the rock was bad enough to get across from above; but to jump up from the sloping snow slap against the face of the rock was ten times worse. However, Joseph, having uncoiled a few yards of line from his waist, and made it fast to the gems, tightened his belt, and took the crack gallantly, lighting on a narrow ledge, with his nose almost touching the rock, to which he stuck like a limpet for a moment, and then, having steadied himself, turned round and seated himself, with his legs dangling over the chasm. Now came my turn. Having thrown the end of the line to Joseph—after vainly looking for a promising ledge to land on, I yielded to his entreaties, and swung myself right at him. We grasped each other pretty tight, you may be assured, gentle reader; and after swaying for a moment or two over the abyss, I climbed up to him, and, getting my feet on his shoulders, I managed to draw myself up to a ledge a few feet higher. Now came my turn to turn, and a most unpleasant piece of gymnastics it was. The ledge was not an inch too broad, and the rock below only rough enough to *scratch* against, not to give any firm foothold. However, I at last got my back against the rock pretty firmly; and Joseph, who had dragged the gems up from the snow, threw me the end of the line, which, after one or two unsuccessful grabs, that nearly toppled me over from my "bad eminence," I caught, and with his assistance, got the gems up to me, and rested it across my knees. Joseph now turned his face to the rock, and, getting up to me, placed one of his iron-soled shoes on my thigh, and the other on my shoulder, and climbed over and past me. As soon as he was firmly fixed, I threw him up the end of the line, and felt much relieved of the weight of the chamois, whose rough hide rubbed lovingly over my face as it passed me, and turning round, and standing up on my ledge, laid hold of Joseph by the ankle, and again climbed up him and past him, to be climbed up and over in my turn. Over and over we had to repeat the same manœuvre, varied occasionally by our being unable to turn or to sit down from the narrowness of the ledges, and then the strain was terrible. If we had not come sometimes to a broader ledge than usual, which

allowed us to lie down and get an easier hold of the line, as it dangled like a plummet over the cliff, we, or at least I, could never have reached the top of the cliff *with* the gems, and I very much doubt whether either of us would have cared much to have done so *without* it. What was before me I hardly knew. Imitating as well as I could the happy *insouciance* of a snail "sliming" up the side of the Parthenon, I tried to restrict my range of vision to points immediately near me. I never felt giddy in my life; but I felt that it would be running a terrible risk to look into the immensity that lay stretched out below me, like another world.

However, everything in this world must have at least one end, even an Alpine cliff. And at last, as I drew myself up, I found myself face to face with the snow. The last step was by no means the easiest or safest; but in a few minutes all three of us, Joseph, the chamois, and myself, were lying on the snow-bed, one hardly more alive than the other.

As soon as we had recovered a little, we stumbled back amongst the sloppy snow, and the half-hidden rocks, one of which had doubtless caused the untimely emptying of our spirit-bottle, till we arrived at the *cheminée* up which we had scrambled in the morning. Now, scrambling up is one thing, and scrambling down is another—decidedly more difficult, particularly with the addition of a "beastie" twice as large as a well-grown fawn. So we decided to return over the small glacier which had so nearly knocked our brains out in our ascent, not without a lurking hope of finding some water in its delicate green chalcies.

The small ice-stream on which we pursued our thirsty search, flowed down from the upper snowbeds through a chasm in the cliffs, and lay right across our path. The crevasses were small and easy to traverse, though, had they been ten times the breadth, we should have welcomed them for the prospect of water they held out. We soon discovered what we wanted, and throwing ourselves on the ice, from which the sun had long since melted the last night's snow, leaving nothing but the pure water crystal, revelled in long draughts of ice-cold water, regardless of the consequences.

We lay there resting ourselves, and peering down the crevasses for some time. How deliciously refreshing was that cool green light, filtered through the translucent ice, to our eyes, wearied by the eternal glare of the snow-fields! I have often wondered why no poet has ever chosen one of these same crevasses, with its tinkling stream, and fairy bridges and battlements of pure green ice, bathed in a strange unearthly phosphorescent light, for the home of some glacier Undine. Where could one find a fitter palace for some delicate Ariel than such places as the moulins of the Mer de Glace, the ice-grottoes of the Grindenvald, or the Rhone glacier, or even the commonest crack in the most insignificant sheet of frozen snow! How exquisitely beautiful are those little emerald basins, fit baths for Titania, filled with water so pure and clear that one almost doubts its presence, till its exquisite coolness touches one's parched lips! I never wondered at the excitement of that enthusiastic Frenchman, who, being held by the legs to prevent him throwing himself into the arms of the ice-nymph, whom he doubtless saw beckoning to him from below, hurled his hat into the moulin, and then raced down to the source of the Arveiron to see it appear, hoping, doubtless, that it would bring him some tidings of fairyland.

But the nymph answered not; perhaps she was cold, and retained the chapeau for her own private wearing. At all events, M. le Baron never got it again, as far as I could learn.

Our labor was now nearly over; we quickly traversed two or three small snow-fields, and after a little trouble in hauling ourselves and the gems up and down the ridges that separated them, we reached a smooth declivity of snow, down which we shot merrily, getting many a roll, it is true, but merely laughing thereat, as every tumble carried us all the faster homewards, and at last reached safe and sound the region of rocks and gravel we had left so long.

How deliciously refreshing to the wearied eye was the first patch of green turf!—how brightly glowed the alpenrosen amongst the rocks! And—yes! there is actually a honey-bee droning about that orchis, singing his welcome song of home, and firesides, and kindly greetings!

Happy as two schoolboys, we marched on, carrying our quarry alternately, yodling, and shouting, and playing all sorts of practical jokes on each other, rejoicing at the success of our expedition, caring nothing now for the frowns of the grim old giants around us, caring nothing for the bitter blasts and swirling snow-squall that swept past us; and, at last as night closed in, we found ourselves once more in the little cabin, that seemed quite home-like to us, and which we had fancied more than once in the course of the day that we should never see again, with Catchins gyrating round us, "making a tail" at the chamois, and welcoming us as old friends. We did not dawdle long over our supper, which consisted principally of the rat-like marmot, broiled on the embers, and a draught from the neighboring torrent, and turned into our hay beds wet and wearied enough, with our brains in a whirl from the strange excitements of the day, and slept, too done up to care for tickling straws or feline impertinences.

When I woke in the morning, I lay for some time trying to collect my thoughts, half fearing that all was but a dream, and that we had still our work before us; but on scrambling down, the sight of the gems reassured me, and was an agreeable balm for the intolerable aching I felt from head to heel. Joseph, I must say, groaned quite as much as myself, and we hobbled about in the dark to find bits of wood for our fire, like a couple of unfortunates just escaped from the rack. The skin of our faces and necks was peeling off, as if we had been washing them in oil of vitriol, and using sand-paper for a towel; but we were used to that, and had been as badly burnt many a time before; but we ached!—ye gods, how we did ache! It took a long warming and some mutually administered friction, to get us at all in walking trim. As soon as we became "lissom" again, having nothing to detain us, and very little to eat, we wended on our way, one bearing Catchins in the now empty bag, and the other with the gems, down towards the pines, covered with last night's snow, and following the course of the torrent, strode on as merrily, or perchance more so, as the first morning we started. The sun soon shone out bright and warm, the snow began to drip from the boughs, and every step we took showed the black mould and the decaying needle leaves of the pines;

We heard the rustling of several black-cock, and it being my turn to carry Catchins' light weight, I shot one villanously, as he sat on a pine branch, and stuck his tail in my hat, after the fashion of all true yagers.

Soon we left the melting snow and dripping woods behind us, and reached the bright meadows glowing beneath an Italian sky. Strange sounded the shrill chirping of the red and green grasshoppers in our ears; kindly each herdsman's yodla and maiden's laugh rang to our hearts, and palace-like seemed the little cabin that received us after our sojourn amongst the ice and snow, now seeming more like uneasy dreams than realities which we had undergone but a day before. Bright smiles greeted us, bright brown eyes laughed a welcome to us, and many a sturdy hand was clasped in ours as we sat resting ourselves on the bench before the door.

But we tarried not long; we burned to show our trophy "at home;" and we sped down the Oetzthal, and reached Dumpsen early in the afternoon, to be cheered, and complimented, and welcomed back with all the warmth of the honest Tyrolese heart. The people had been in great distress about us—about me at least—as they supposed that I must, of necessity, have broken my neck. I suspect, indeed, that they never thought that I would really go, and were rather astonished when they woke, and found me gone. As for Joseph, it was his certain fate—if not now, another time. But they rejoiced in their mistake, and with my hat crowned with flowers by many a rosy finger, and my hands tingling from many a giant-squeeze, and perhaps my heart, too, a little, from more than one gentle one, I hung my gems on a nail outside the door for inspection, and seated myself once again in the little chamber, looking out upon the torrent and the cliff.

I cannot linger over the simple pleasures of that evening; as Shallow says, "the heart is all." "Jenkins of the Post" may love to record his reminiscences of a ball at Almack's, or an "aesthetic tea" at the Comtesse of Cruche Cassé's; but such remembrances always bring as much pain as pleasure to me, making me yearn for those free days spent amongst the mountains, and the torrents, and the happy single-hearted mountaineers, far from the cares, troubles, and tribulations of "our highly civilized society."

And now, most patient reader—are you there still? Farewell! I have tried to give you some faint description of the indescribable, and have, of course, failed. But take at least my advice, and a knapsack, and a thick pair of shoes, and, eschewing hackneyed Switzerland, leave for once the old bell-wether, and try one summer in the Norischer Alpen; and if you are disappointed—I can only say, that you richly deserve to be!

NAMES OF FLOWERS.—The flower Dahlia was so named from a Swedish botanist called Andrew Dahl, and should therefore never be pronounced as if it were spelt Dailia. Camellia should have both ll's pronounced; it was named after Jno. Kamel, a Jesuit, whose name is latinized Camellus. Arbutus should be accented on the first syllable. See Virgil's Eclogues.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

*Para on the Amazon.* By JOHN ESAIAS WARREN. Putnam. 1851.

It is more difficult to write a dull book about South America than an attractive one about almost any other country or people. This partially explains the interest of Mr. Warren's little volume, which makes moderate pretensions, and is of no great value, but which one who commences will be likely to read through. We say it is of not much value, because it gives no precise information about anything respecting which a traveller in Brazil, who proposed to write, would ordinarily inform himself. It gives no clear notion of the character of the people whom he visited, of their social institutions, except that the women and children were habitually naked, or nearly so; nor of the industry or the commerce of the country, nor, what is most singular, of its climate and sanitary condition, though the author was residing, all the time he was in Brazil, within two degrees of the equator. We are told, nearly at the outset, by the author, that one of his objects in visiting that country was to pursue his researches in natural history, and yet he has given us in his book no evidence of his possessing more than an elementary acquaintance with the subject.

Mr. Warren seems to have confined his excursions entirely to the Province of Para, nor can we recollect that the *venue* of any of his adventures was laid more than thirty or forty miles from the city of that name.

Para is the largest and most productive of the nineteen provinces into which the empire is divided. It lies immediately under the equator, at the mouth of the Amazon river, and extends from the Atlantic to the borders of Peru. The city of Para is supposed to have about 15,000 inhabitants. The chief executive of the province is appointed by the emperor, and is termed a *Presidente*. This is the substance of the political and geographical information personally observed by Mr. Warren, save such scraps as may be gleaned here and there from the extracts which follow, and which sufficiently exhibit every quality of his book, except its sentiment, which we spare our readers; and it is to be regretted that our author had not been equally considerate.

From these extracts it will be perceived that Mr. Warren is not a practised writer nor a scientific observer. It will also be obvious that if he had any distinct purpose of making a book during his stay at Para, he might have made a much better one than this, which is nevertheless quite agreeable, and will reward a perusal.

#### THE CITY OF PARA.

The city of Para is delightfully situated on the southern branch of the Amazon, called, for the sake of distinction, "The Para River." It is the principal city of the province of the same name—an immense territory, which has very appropriately been styled "*The Paradise of Brazil*." The general aspect of the place, with its low and venerable-looking buildings of solid stone, its massive churches and moss-grown ruins, its red-tiled roofs and dingy-white walls, the beautiful trees of its gardens, and groups of tall banana plants peeping up here and there among the houses, constituted certainly a scene of novelty, if not of elegance and beauty.

The first spectacle which arrested our attention on landing, was that of a number of persons, of both sexes and all ages, bathing indiscriminately together

in the waters of the river, in a state of entire nudity. We observed among them several finely-formed Indian girls, of exceeding beauty, dashing about in the water like a troop of happy mermaids. The heat of the sun was so intense, that we ourselves were almost tempted to seek relief from its overpowering influence by plunging precipitately amid the joyous throng of swimmers. But we forbore!

The natives of Para are very cleanly, and indulge in daily ablutions; nor do they confine their baths to the dusky hours of evening, but may be seen swimming about the public wharfs at all hours of the day. The government has made several feeble efforts to put a restraint upon these public exposures; but at the time of our departure all rules and regulations on the subject were totally disregarded by the natives.

The city is laid out with considerable taste and regularity; but the streets are very narrow, and miserably paved with large and uneven stones. The buildings generally are but of one story in height, and are, with few exceptions, entirely destitute of glass windows; a kind of latticed blind is substituted, which is so constructed that it affords the person within an opportunity of seeing whatever takes place in the street, without being observed in return.

We noticed several strange spectacles as we slowly walked through the city. Venders of fruit with huge baskets on their heads, filled with luscious oranges, bananas, mangoes, pine-apples, and other choice fruits of the tropics; groups of blacks carrying immense burdens in the same manner; invalids reclining in their hammocks, or ladies riding in their gay-covered palanquins, supported on men's shoulders; and water-carriers moving along by the side of their heavily-laden horses or mules.

Finally, we met with a party of some thirty or forty blacks, each one of them bearing a large basket of tapioca on his head. They were perfectly naked to their waists, and wore only a pair of pantaloons of very coarse material. They marched on at a slow and measured pace, chanting at the same time a singularly monotonous air, to which they beat time with their hands.

We learned that they were free blacks, and called themselves "*Ganhadores*." Their business was that of loading and unloading vessels—horses and carts being little used in Para. These bands are under the direction of a leader or captain, who furnishes, on application, any number of men that may be required. In loading vessels, they frequently wade out into the water until their heads and the boxes thereon are alone visible above the surface. They then deposit their several burdens in a species of "lighter," or flat-bottomed boat, which conveys them immediately to the larger vessels lying at anchor in the stream.

#### INDIA RUBBER.

A number of blacks bearing long poles on their shoulders, thickly strung with India-rubber shoes, also attracted our attention. These are for the most part manufactured in the interior, and are brought down the river for sale, by the natives. It has been estimated that at least two hundred and fifty thousand pairs of shoes are annually exported from the province, and the number is constantly on the increase.

A few words here respecting the tree itself, and the manufacture of the shoes, may not be out of place.

The tree (*Siphilla Elastica*) is quite peculiar in its appearance, and sometimes reaches the height of eighty and even a hundred feet. The trunk is perfectly round, rather smooth, and protected by a bark of a light color. The leaves grow in clusters of three together, are thin, and of an ovate form, and are from ten to fourteen inches in length. The centre leaf of the cluster is always the longest.

This remarkable tree bears a curious fruit, of the size of a peach, which, although not very palatable, is eagerly sought after by different animals—it is

separated into three lobes, which contain each a small black nut. The trees are tapped in the same manner that New Englanders tap maple trees. The trunk having been perforated, a yellowish liquid, resembling cream, flows out, which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree. When these become full, their contents are emptied into large earthen jars, in which the liquid is kept until desired for use.

The operation of making the shoes is as simple as it is interesting. Imagine yourself, dear reader, in one of the seringa groves of Brazil. Around you are a number of good-looking natives, of low stature and olive complexions. All are variously engaged. One is stirring with a long wooden stick the contents of a caldron, placed over a pile of blazing embers. This is the liquid as it was taken from the rubber tree. Into this a wooden "last," covered with clay, and having a handle, is plunged. A coating of the liquid remains. You will perceive that another native then takes the "last," and holds it in the smoke arising from the ignition of a species of palm fruit, for the purpose of causing the glutinous substance to assume a dark color. The "last" is then plunged again into the caldron, and this process is repeated, as in dipping candles, until the coating is of the required thickness. You will, moreover, notice a number of Indian girls (some very pretty) engaged in making various impressions, such as flowers, &c., upon the soft surface of the rubber, by means of their thumb nails, which are especially pared and cultivated for this purpose. After this final operation, the shoes are placed in the sun to harden, and large numbers of them may be seen laid out on mats in exposed situations. The aboriginal name of the rubber is *cahu-chu*, from which the formidable word *caoutchouc* is derived. In Para it is styled *borracha*, or *seringa*.

#### ANTS.

We experienced a great deal of annoyance from the ants at Nazere. These insects swarm in myriads in the forest, and may be seen crawling on the ground wherever you may happen to be. They subserv a very useful purpose in the wise economy of nature, by preventing the natural decay and putrefaction of vegetable matter, so particularly dangerous in tropical regions; but at the same time they are a serious drawback to the prosecution of agricultural pursuits in the torrid zone. Flourishing plantations are sometimes entirely destroyed by these insects, and we ourselves have seen a beautiful orange tree one day blooming in the greatest luxuriance, and on the next perfectly leafless and bare!

Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves, and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with the leaves.

Mr. Kidder states that some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Marenham, and not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor, and brought up several small pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead; for this offence the friars commenced an ecclesiastical prosecution, the result of which, however, we did not ascertain. Mr. Southey says, in relation to these destructive insects, "that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, they were not only excom-

municated from the Roman Catholic Church, but were sentenced by the friars to a place of removal within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth." The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young and all their stores!

Concerning the ants, however, we have a story of our own to tell. The occurrence took place at Nazere, and was in this wise. One night, while indulging in delightful dreams, I was suddenly awakened by my amiable companion, who affirmed that *something* was biting him severely—he knew not what.

In the deep silence of our lonely apartment we heard distinctly a sound like that of a continual dropping upon the floor. We were uncertain from what it proceeded, but I more than half suspected the true cause, but said nothing to my companion; on the contrary, I even endeavored to convince him that the biting of which he complained was only imaginary. The reality, however, of his sufferings, made him proof against any such conviction, and he forthwith arose and lighted a lamp. Its glimmering rays shed a feeble light over the apartment, but sufficient to disclose a spectacle such as we hope never to see again. The floor itself was literally black with ants; and our clothes, which were hanging on a line stretched across the room, were alive with them. It was in vain for us to attempt to remove them, so we removed ourselves, and spent the remainder of the night swinging in our hammocks under the veranda!

#### THE PRIESTS AND PRIESTCRAFT.

The chief executive of the province is termed a "Presidente," and receives his appointment direct from the emperor.

In the selection of officials no regard whatever is paid to color. The presidente himself was a woolly-headed mulatto, and not only that, but he was reputed to be the son of a *padre*; and, as the *padres* are excluded from matrimony by the statutes, his genealogy certainly cannot be of the most honorable character.

All are obliged to do military duty at Para; none are exempted from this service but *padres* and slaves; and, as the duty is very onerous, it becomes quite desirable to assume the garb of a priest. Consequently, it is not so much to be wondered at that the number of these "pious and highly-favored individuals" in the city alone amounts to several hundreds.

"But how, under heavens, do so many of them earn a livelihood?" methinks I hear the reader exclaim. This, doubtless, would be difficult indeed, in such a heathen community, by the practice of the principles of religion and virtue alone. To tell the truth, they *do not* earn their living by the *practice*, but by the "practices" of their profession. Superstition aids them in the imposition by which they ensnare the unsuspecting natives, and wring from them the earnings of their industry and labor.

The most profitable branch of their profession is that of consecrating small stones, shells, and other articles of trifling value, and then vending them to the natives at enormous sums, as sovereign charms against certain diseases or evil spirits. We noticed that every black or Indian we encountered in the streets had more or less of these baubles strung about his neck. Even Chico, our invaluable cook at Nazere, had at least a dozen of them, for which he had paid as many dollars, and sincerely believed in their power of warding off the different evils for which they were severally intended. Whenever one of these "holy trifles" is found in the streets, it is carried immediately by the finder to one of the churches, and there suspended on a certain door, where the original owner may, in his search, recover it again.

#### BEGGARS.

The beggars of Para are so numerous that they may be said to constitute a distinct class of society by



themselves. On account of their great numbers, they are only permitted to make their *professional* visits on Saturday. On this day the streets literally swarm with them. Some have bandages round their heads; others have their arms suspended in slings; while many are affected with blindness, and divers other maladies, which we will not take upon ourselves to mention.

The wealthier people are disposed to be charitable towards these poor mendicants, and no one thinks of refusing them a weekly trifle.

#### DRESS.

The women make use of no more clothing than is absolutely necessary; and the children of both sexes may be seen running about the streets continually in a state of utter nudity. The men, on ordinary occasions, wear white pantaloons and frock coats, or blouses of the same material. But no person is considered in full dress unless he is habited in black from head to foot.

Whenever a person is invited to a select dinner-party, it is always expected that he should make his appearance in a coat of sable cloth; but, immediately on his arrival, he is invited to *take it off*, and offered one of fine linen as a substitute.

#### YELLOW-RUMPED ORIOLE.

Overhanging the water with its drooping branches was a tree of prodigious size, literally full of the long nests of the yellow-rumped oriole. The novelty of the spectacle did not fail to attract our observation, and we halted for a few moments beneath its shade, in order to scrutinize the motions of the hundred gay-colored birds who were chattering and fluttering amid the thickness of the foliage. The general colors of these birds were black and yellow, strikingly blended together, and their notes were shrill and discordant to the ear.

It is a singular fact, by the way, that birds of bright plumage, with few exceptions, are not endowed with the faculty of song, while, on the other hand, the sweetest warblers, such as the British nightingale and the American mocking-bird, have a dull and uninviting exterior.

It is almost impossible to drive these orioles from their nesting trees. If you have a heart so cruel, you may continue to fire at them for hours, and may wantonly destroy half their number, yet the remainder will still flutter around the sacred spot, vainly endeavoring to protect their helpless offspring, to whom they are strongly bound by those mysterious ties which death alone can sunder. The natives have a superstitious dread of killing these beautiful birds, and, like the robin-redbreast in our own country, they are everywhere protected and beloved.

#### FARINA.

The vegetable (*Jatropha manihot*) from which the farina is made, is, in its natural state, considered quite poisonous, and is entirely unfit for the purpose of nutrition. The means, therefore, by which its pernicious qualities are expelled, and the nutritious principle retained, must always be regarded as most extraordinary and invaluable discovery.

The plant is a native of Brazil, and was known to the natives on their first intercourse with the white men. No other vegetable, not even wheat, possesses an equal degree of nutriment; and, together with bananas and wild meat, it constitutes the principal item of the native Brazilian's bill of fare. The farina is made from the root, which is first rasped with a piece of indented wood, until it is reduced to a pulpy consistence. The juice is then effectually expressed in the following singular manner: large circular baskets of plaited rushes are filled with the raspings of the mandioca root, and then suspended from the branches of the trees. By means of a considerable weight of stones fastened beneath, the rushes are

drawn tightly together, and most of the liquid squeezed out. After this, the pulpy substance is exposed on skins to the rays of the sun, for the purpose of evaporating all the remaining moisture.

The juice being at length entirely expressed, the pulp is placed on large earthenware pans, and stirred over a hot fire until it granulates; it is then put up in baskets for use. The manner in which the natives eat the farina is very amusing, and is besides perfectly inimitable. Taking a quantity of it in one of their hands, by a skilful motion of their arm they toss every particle of it into their mouths, and it seldom happens that any is wasted in this manner. I have frequently attempted to imitate them, but I found that the feat required more legerdemain talent than I was master of, and that on every trial my mouth was but little better supplied with the granulated material than either my nose or eyes.

#### TAPIOCA.

A milk-white substance is deposited by the juice of the mandioca-root, which, being collected, and hardened by exposure to the sun, constitutes the article so well known as tapioca, from which such wholesome and delicious puddings are made. So very poisonous is the root in its natural state, that it has been found to occasion death in a few minutes when administered experimentally to animals, and it is said that the natives used it with great effect many years ago in destroying their Spanish persecutors. It has been ascertained by dissection that this poison operates by means of the nervous system, producing immediate convulsions and exquisite torments, as soon as it is introduced into the stomach. In some instances it has been used in the execution of criminals, in which cases death invariably ensued within from five to ten minutes after its imbibition. The fatal principle appears to exist in certain gases, which are dissipated by heat. This is conclusively proved, from the harmlessness and highly nutritious properties of the farina when the process of its manufacture has been completed.

It has been stated, on good authority, that a single acre of land planted with the mandioca root will afford nourishment to more persons than six acres of wheat planted in the same manner, and my own observation fully justifies this assertion. Concerning the value of this plant, Southey remarks with truth, that "if Ceres deserved a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might the deification of that person have been expected who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioca!"

#### THE TOUCAN.

These birds are alike distinguished for the singularity of their forms and the splendor of their plumage, as well as the enormous and apparently disproportionate size of their beaks. On account of their natural timidity, and the solitude of their haunts, they have been until of late years but little known to naturalists.

The genus includes not less than twenty-five species, of which the "white-breasted toucan" (*ramphastos Brasilensis*) is the largest in size. The bird, when full grown, is about twenty-seven inches in length from the tip of its beak to the extremity of its tail. Its bill alone is full nine inches long, and in the live specimen is of surpassing delicacy and elegance. This prodigious member is extremely thin and cellular, and is much lighter than its appearance would indicate. Being vascular, it is supposed to be of importance to the bird in giving an extraordinary development to the organs of smell. This, however, is but mere conjecture. The plumage is of a shining black, while the feathers of the throat are of the finest texture and purest white. The bill itself is of vermillion and yellow, beautifully blended together; but these splendid tints fade shortly after the death of the bird. No artificial means have as yet been devised for preserving

them. This species is found abundantly at certain seasons of the year, on the island of Marajo, and is eagerly sought after by the natives, who prize its flesh for its tenderness and exquisite flavor.

The toucans subsist for the most part upon fruit, but when in a state of captivity they learn to eat flesh of all kinds. Their favorite food is the assay berry, and their method of eating it very remarkable. They first seize the fruit in the extremity of their beak, and by a sudden twitch throw it up several feet into the air; as it falls they catch it, and swallow it entire, without the slightest attempt at mastication. They confine themselves mostly to lofty trees, and may be seen sitting on the topmost branches, with their beaks pointed directly towards the wind, thus by instinct overcoming a power which, if exerted on their broadside, might considerably disturb their comfort and equanimity.

On account of the peculiar construction of their eyes, as well as the enormous size of their beaks, they are not able to discern objects well which are immediately before them, yet their vision on the side is remarkably acute. Unless the hunter is aware of this circumstance, he will find it almost impossible to get a shot at them.

They make their nests in the hollow of old trees, which are accessible by means of a small circular opening in front. The female lays but two eggs, on which she sits, and with her formidable beak protruding from the port-hole of her fortress, she is able effectually to repel all assailants, in the form of monkeys, serpents, or other reptiles, who may be disposed to invade her sacred premises.

#### BRAZIL NUT TREE.

The Brazil nut tree (*Bertholletia excelsa*) may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit in its natural condition resembles a cocoa-nut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, nicely packed together. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to capsize the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

#### CHIGOES.

The "chigoe" or jigger. This insect is so extremely diminutive that it is seldom observed. Having pierced the flesh of a person, it deposits its eggs (which are contained in a little sac) and there leaves them to their natural development. The sac rapidly increases in size, until it becomes as large as a common pen, when it begins to occasion a sensible degree of pain. On first feeling this disagreeable sensation, the bag ought to be carefully extracted, otherwise a troublesome sore is apt to be produced.

We observed that the feet of the natives were sadly mangled, owing to the rough manner of cutting out these sacs. The feet are more subject to the attacks of these insects than any other part of the body, and we noticed that in some instances the heels of the natives were almost entirely gone.

#### TAMING WILD HORSES.

Many wild horses are still caught at Cajueiro. One day a party of eight or ten of the natives, mounted on well-disciplined steeds, and headed by the Englishman, went out on the campos for this purpose. Perched amid the branches of a tall tree, I had an extensive

view of the grassy plain, and was able distinctly to observe all the movements of the equestrians.

The horsemen were riding rapidly in the direction of a small grove, when suddenly a troop of forty or fifty of the wild creatures emerged from behind it, and bounded away with astonishing velocity over the meadow. A spirited chase was now commenced by the mounted natives, who strained their swift animals to their greatest capacity; never did I witness a more intensely exciting spectacle than the one which was now before me. The manes and tails of the horses were flying wildly in the air, while a mass of hoofs were rising and falling with a rapidity which showed how tightly strung were the muscles of the animals.

To my surprise the Englishman kept the lead, and was obviously gaining upon the quick-footed fugitives. Coming up with them, he seized his lasso, and began to swing it around his head, gradually enlarging the circles by permitting the smooth rope to slip gently through his fingers.

By a sudden motion, at the same instant plunging the spurs into his charger, in order to increase his speed, if possible, he dashed quickly forward, and hurled his lasso with unerring skill around the neck of the foremost horse. The herd were now thrown into a panic, and, wheeling around in their course, they were completely surrounded by their pursuers. Several were lassoed by the natives, and the remainder kept together by two or three of the horsemen, who were continually circling around them; not one escaped, and ere an hour had elapsed, they were driven safely into one of the pens at Cajueiro, neighing loudly, and their mouths covered with creamy foam. The best horses being selected from the herd, and properly secured, the others were again turned at large.

The mode adopted by the natives of breaking them cannot be styled by any other term than that of barbarous; yet it is so efficacious that the poor animals are rendered perfectly docile and manageable in the course of two or three days.

One afternoon an opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the operation. In the largest inclosure proudly stood one of the majestic animals, kicking up the earth with his hoofs, and shaking the heavy mane on his finely-curved neck, while his bright eyes glanced fearfully around him, and his loud laughing voice, ringing wildly in the quiet air, seemed to be calling on his far-off companions for relief.

The fiery creature was held by a strong halter, of at least fifteen feet in length, manned by three of the muscular and bare-chested natives. Soon a noose was thrown around his neck by a couple of powerful blacks stationed on the opposite side of the inclosure. They then pulled with all their strength one way, while those who had hold of the halter exerted themselves vehemently in the contrary direction. The object evidently was to effect partial strangulation, in order that they might weaken and temporarily overcome the wonderful power of the spirited creature.

Violent were the plunges of the captive steed as he sought in vain, by superhuman exertions, to free himself from the grasp of his cruel tormentors, who stood like heartless demons around him. His terrific leaps only served to draw the cord tighter and tighter about his neck; his breathing became more and more difficult, and might have been heard audibly at the distance of a furlong. His heart beat as if it would burst from his heaving bosom, and his veins stood out in ridges along his quivering flesh. At last, overwhelmed with the intensity of his agony, and powerless from suffocation, he fell, and for an instant lay without sense or motion upon the ground. The noose was immediately loosed about his neck, and shortly returning consciousness began to light his glazed eyes—the fresh air swelled his nostrils, and his tremendous chest rose and fell like the billows of the sea. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he was once more

on his feet, but how different from the magnificent animal who had stood, in his native pride and dignity, pawing that sandy soil an hour before! Weak—hardly able to stand—his head drooping, and his eyes without a ray—he looked like a miserable spectre of his former self—like a monarch dragged from his throne, who has been scoffed at by those whom he had before despised, and forced to be a wretched and miserable slave!

The persecution of the horse was by no means concluded. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion he was mounted by a naked Indian, who was rewarded for his temerity by being thrown to a considerable distance over the head of the animal. The native, however, was but little hurt, and in a few moments again resumed his dangerous seat. This time he kept his place, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the animal to shake him off; in fact, the horse and his rider, being nearly of the same color, brought vividly to my mind the remembrance of an ancient Centaur.

The animal was now held tightly by a long rope, and forced to run round and round in a circle. Whenever he flagged, or manifested the slightest obstinacy, a native, with a heavily knotted cord swinging around his head, would give him a terrible blow on his flanks, the pain of which was almost sufficient to drive him to madness. Gradually he became more and more passive, and at the end of another hour was quite tractable.

From the Athenæum.

*Pitcairn's Island, and the Islanders, in 1850.* By WALTER BRODIE. Whittaker.

THE brief story of the Pitcairn Islanders abounds in points of romance and popular interest. The natural beauty of the island—the mystery attaching to its ancient inhabitants—the extraordinary scenes connected with the cruise of the *Bounty*—the subsequent mutiny against Capt. Bligh—the perilous voyage by which he escaped to tell the exciting tale—the after-career of Christian and his comrades until they settled on the island—the terrible tragedies which one by one cut off the mutineers, until Adams, of all the guilty and gallant crew, was left alone in the midst of a population of mixed blood and inferior caste—the wondrous change wrought in this rude sailor's mind by the last deed of blood—the gentle, pacific, and religious system which he introduced on the island in his old age—and the patriarchal reverence with which the last of those ferocious and lawless men was regarded by the whole body of their descendants,—combine into a story every line of which is full of curious and absorbing interest. Except in Defoe, there is scarcely anything in the whole range of fiction to compare with the adventures of Bligh, as recorded by himself, after being turned adrift from the *Bounty*—and poetry and romance have both been busy with the marvellous tale of Christian and his comrades. Byron especially has made a hero of the former, -

But Christian of a higher order stood  
Like an extinct volcano in his mood—  
Silent, and sad, and savage—

and thrown a halo about his companions, under the names of Ben Bunting and Jack Skyscraper, all of which, in our opinion, render these figures not only less striking than the originals, but altogether destroy the moral of their fate. Mr. Brodie was fortunate

enough to obtain from Arthur Quintal, one of the two male survivors of the immediate offspring of the mutineers, a verbal recital of the actual occurrences attending the first settlement, which he committed to writing on the spot. This strange story, though known in part and often referred to, has never been told before in its correct outlines, much less in all its details. Thus ran the narrative as related by Quintal to our traveller:—

When the *Bounty* came here, there were nine Englishmen, six Tahiti men, twelve Tahiti women, and a little girl, landed. The Englishmen had each a Tahitian woman for a wife, and three of the Tahitian men were married to the remaining three women. Some time afterwards Williams' wife died of sickness. The Englishmen then combined together, and took one of the Tahitians' wives for another wife for Williams. This created the first disturbance between the English and the Tahitians. William Brown was sent out by the English government in the *Bounty*, as gardener, to look out after the breadfruit plants, which the said vessel was to convey to the West Indies. Brown and Christian were very intimate, and their two wives overheard, one night, Williams' second wife sing a song—"Why should the Tahitian men sharpen their axes to cut off the Englishmen's heads?" Brown and Christian's wives told their husbands what Williams' second wife had been singing. When Christian heard of it, he went by himself with his gun to the house where all the Tahitian men were assembled. He pointed his gun at them, but it missed fire. Two of the natives ran away into the bush—one of them to the west part of the island, the other to the south end of the island. The Tahitian (Talalo) who went to the west side was the husband of Williams' second wife. One day Talalo saw his wife, and the wives of the other Tahitian men, fishing; he beckoned to her, and she went to him. He then took her away into the bush. Another Tahitian, named Temua, then joined Talalo and his wife in the bush. After this, Christian and the other Englishman sent a Tahitian (Manale) in search of them; he was not long away before he found them, and then returned and told the Englishmen of it. The Englishmen then consulted among themselves what to do, when they agreed to make three puddings and send them. One pudding, having poison in it, was to be given to Talalo, and the other two were to be given to the wife of Talalo and the Tahitian (Temua) who had joined them. The puddings were sent by the native, Manale, who gave them to the three natives individually; but a suspicion coming across Talalo's mind that his pudding had poison in it, he would not eat it, but eat his wife's pudding along with her. When Manale found that Talalo would not eat his pudding, he induced the three to go up into the bush a little way, where he told them he had left his wife among some breadfruit trees. As they went up to see Manale's wife, the foot-path being very narrow, they walked behind each other, Manale being behind and next to Talalo. Manale, having a pistol with him, and having instructions to kill Talalo before he returned, now took the opportunity, and pulled the trigger of his pistol, it being pointed at Talalo's head; but it misfired. Talalo having heard the noise occasioned by the trigger being pulled, turned round, and saw the pistol in Manale's hand. Talalo then ran away and Manale after him; they then had a severe struggle, when Talalo called to his wife to help him kill Manale, and Manale told the woman she must help him kill her husband, which she did; and in a very short time Manale and Talalo's wife killed Talalo.

Manale, the woman, and the other native (Temua), then returned to the European settlement. Williams

then took the woman again for his second wife, as he had formerly done. Christian and the other Englishmen then sent Manale to find the other Tahitian (Obuhu), who had gone to the south side of the island, whom he also soon found, and then reported his success to the Englishmen. The English then sent Manale and another Tahitian (Temua) to kill him, which they succeeded in doing, while pretending to cry over him. They then returned home again to the Europeans. The whole of the *Bounty* people then lived together for some time (about ten years) in perfect harmony. The six Tahitian men from the *Bounty* were brought down as servants to M'Coy, Mills, Brown, and Quintal. This island, when these people came here, was completely covered with sea-birds, and when they arose they completely darkened the air. These remaining four natives were employed to work in collecting a lot of these birds for their masters' food, after they had done their work in their masters' gardens; they also fed their pigs, which they brought from Tahiti, on these sea-birds. Whenever the Tahitians did anything amiss, they used to be beaten by their masters, and their wounds covered with salt, as an extra punishment. The consequence was, that two of these Tahitians, Temua and Nehou, took to the bush, and with them each a musket and ammunition, with which they used to practise firing at a target in the bush. Edward Young had a garden some little distance from the settlement; and the two natives which took to the bush used at times to come and work for him, as well as the other two natives, who lived in the settlement. Young appeared to be very friendly with the Tahitians; and John Adams mentioned that he had every reason for supposing that Young had instigated the natives to destroy the Englishmen, excepting himself (John Adams), Young wishing to keep Adams as a sort of companion. At planting time, each Englishman had his own garden, which were some distance apart from each other, being in separate valleys, on the north end of the island. Three of the Tahitians, finding that the whole of the Englishmen were widely scattered and unprotected, commenced to destroy them, beginning with John Williams and Fletcher Christian. At the time they shot Christian, Christian hallooed out. Mills, M'Coy, and Manale, were then working about 200 yards from Christian's garden, and M'Coy hearing Christian call out "Oh dear!" told Mills he thought it the cry of a wounded man; but Mills thought it was Christian's wife calling him to dinner. After the three Tahitians had killed Christian, they then went to where Mills was working, and one of them (the other two being concealed in the bush) called to Mills, and asked him to let his native, Manale, go along with them to fetch home a large pig they had just killed. Mills then told Manale that he might go. Manale then joined the three Tahitians, when they told Manale that they had killed Williams and Christian, and wanted to know how they might destroy Mills and M'Coy. It was at last agreed that these three men should creep into M'Coy's house, unobserved; which they succeeded in doing. Manale then ran and told M'Coy that the two natives that had taken to the bush were robbing his house. M'Coy then ran to his house, and as soon as he got to the door these three natives fired upon him, but did not kill him. Manale, seeing that they had not killed him, seized him; but M'Coy, being the strongest of the two, threw him into the pigsty, and then ran and told Mills to run into the bush, as the natives were trying to kill all the white men. But Mills would not believe that his friend Manale would kill him. M'Coy then ran to tell Christian, but found that he had been murdered already. About this time, M'Coy heard the report of a gun, which he supposed had killed Mills, and which turned out to be the case. M'Coy then ran to Christian's wife, who was at her house, and told her that her husband had been killed. Having been confined that day, she could not move.

M'Coy then ran to Matthew Quintal, and told him to run into the bush. Quintal and M'Coy then took to the bush, and Quintal told his wife to go and tell the other Englishmen what had happened. While she was going along she called out to John Adams, who was working in his garden, and asked him why he was working this day, she thinking that he had heard of everything that had taken place. Adams did not understand her; she said no more, but went away, without telling Adams anything about the murders. The four natives then ran down to Martin's house, and finding him in his garden, ran up to him and asked if he knew what had been done this morning. He said "No." They then pointed two muskets at his stomach, and pulled the triggers, and said, "We have been doing the same as shooting hogs." He laughed at them, not suspecting anything the matter; they then immediately recoiled their muskets, and again pulled the triggers. The muskets going off the second time, Martin fell wounded, but not killed. He then got up and ran to his house, the natives following him; when they got hold of one of the *Bounty*'s sledge-hammers, which they found in his house, and beat his brains out. They then went to Brown's house, and found him working in his garden. They fired at him and killed him. Adams, hearing the report of the guns when Brown and Martin were killed, went to see what was the matter. When he arrived at Brown's house he saw the four natives standing leaning on the muzzles of their guns, the butt of their muskets being upon the ground. Adams asked them what was the matter. They said "*Mamu!*" (silence.) They then pointed their guns at him, when he ran away, the natives following him; but he soon left them behind. He then went into Williams' house, with the intention of getting some thick clothes to go into the bush with, when he discovered that he had been killed. He, however, took some thick clothes from the house, and returned to his own house round by the rocks. He then took a bag from his own house, and, whilst putting some yams into it to take into the bush, he was fired upon by the natives, and a ball passed in at the back of his neck and came out of the front of his neck. He then fell; when the four natives approached him, and attempted to kill him with the butt end of a musket; but he guarded himself with his hand, and had one of his fingers broken by so doing. After struggling for some time, he managed to get away, and ran off, and the natives after him. When he had got some distance ahead of them, the natives cried out for him to stop, which he refused, saying that they wanted to kill him. "No, we do not want to kill you; we forgot what Young told us about leaving you alive for his (Young's) companion." Adams then went to Young's house with the four natives, and found Young there. The natives then went into the mountains, armed, to try and find M'Coy and Quintal, and after several days' search they found them along with Quintal's wife, in M'Coy's house, which was up the mountain. When they found them, they were all asleep. The natives fired upon them, but did not wound any of them. They then took to the bush again. After this the four natives returned to the settlement again. One evening, when Young's wife was playing on the fife, Manale, one of the other natives being present, became jealous at Temua's singing to Young's wife. Manale then took up a musket and fired at Temua, which only wounded him. Temua immediately told the woman to bring him a musket to shoot Manale. Manale in the mean time reloaded his musket, and shot Temua dead. The two other natives then became much annoyed, and threatened to kill Manale. Manale then took to the bush, and joined Quintal and M'Coy; but they would not have anything to do with him until he put his musket down, which they took possession of. He then told them of what had taken place, and said that he had



come to join them and be their friend. Manale then persuaded Quintal and M'Coy to go down with him to the settlement, so that they might kill the other two Tahitians. When within a few yards of the house where the natives were, Manale saw the two natives, and sprang upon the stoutest of them. Quintal and M'Coy, thinking it a scheme of Manale's to entrap them, made off for the bush again; but such was not the case. Manale soon after joined M'Coy and Quintal. Adams and Young then wrote them a letter, and sent it by Quintal's wife, to persuade them to kill their new friend, Manale; which they succeeded in doing, by shooting him with his own gun, which he gave them when he went to make friends with them. After this, the two remaining Tahitians again went in search of M'Coy and Quintal, when they found them under a tree. They fired upon them, but did not wound either of them. They again ran away from the natives, and, whilst running, M'Coy cut his foot with a piece of wood. The natives, seeing the blood, thought they had wounded him, and then went home and told Young they had wounded M'Coy. Young then sent his wife and Martin's widow round to find M'Coy and Quintal, and to see if either of them were wounded. Young told his wife to tell them that on a certain day they all intended to kill the two remaining Tahitians, and that a certain signal would be made to that effect. These two women then returned, and told Young that neither of them were wounded. The plan was now arranged to kill these other two natives in the following manner:—Young persuaded Brown's widow to go to bed with Tetihiti, the most powerful of the two Tahitians, and cautioned her on no account to put her arm under the Tahitian's head when she went to sleep, as his wife intended to cut his head off with an axe as soon as he went to sleep. When Young's wife had killed this Tahitian, she was to make a signal to her husband to fire upon the other Tahitian, by shooting him with his musket; but during the time that Young was loading his musket, the young Tahitian told Young to double load it, the young Tahitian thinking that Young was going out to shoot M'Coy and Quintal. Young answered, "Yes, I will." Young's wife then struck the stout Tahitian in his bed, but did not hit him fair. The stout Tahitian, upon getting up in his bed, was struck a second time with the axe, which killed him dead; at which time she told her husband to fire, which signal he obeyed, and blew the young Tahitian's head nearly off his shoulders. Thus ends the tragedy of the Tahitians. The signal was then made to M'Coy and Quintal to come down, as the two Tahitians were killed; but they would not believe it. Young then cut the hands off the two dead Tahitians, and sent them up by some of the women to M'Coy and Quintal, as a sort of certificate that the two Tahitians were really dead. Upon the women delivering the hands to them, M'Coy and Quintal then descended the mountain along with the women, and reached the house of Young in safety. They all now remained upon friendly terms for some time. Young took two of the widows into his house (Williams' and Christian's) and three children; Adams took Mills' widow and two children, and the widows of two of the Tahitian men; M'Coy took Brown's widow, and Quintal took Martin's widow into their houses. Adams and Williams lost their wives previous to this bloody tragedy, in 1793. Young was a half West Indian, born in St. Kitts. Whilst there he learned how to make spirits. By his knowledge of making them there he soon made them here, out of the ti-root, by the aid of a large copper boiler which came out of the *Bounty*. The consequence was, that they all took to drinking at times, and many quarrels ensued. Quintal, about this time, lost his wife, she having been killed by falling over the rocks, while searching after birds' nests. Quintal, after the loss of his wife, wanted to marry another one, but the rest of the white men

were against it. He then threatened all their lives. Soon after this they got him to drink, and made him intoxicated, when the three Europeans killed him with an axe. After this, M'Coy drank to excess. At times he used to be away from home for a week, and no one knew where he was gone. At last he fastened a large stone round his neck, and jumped into the sea, where he was drowned. The day previous to M'Coy drowning himself, Young died of asthma. Adams was now the only man upon the island.

Adams now became very serious. It is said that he taught himself to read and write in his old age—after which his chief employment consisted in communicating these arts to his own children and those of his former friends. When the island was first visited by a civilized crew, it presented no trace of the foul passions and deadly quarrels of which it had been the scene. The Nemesis of blood had had its victims and departed. Innocence and moral simplicity reigned in every family—and it is doubtful whether the fabled Arcadia of peace and homely virtue has ever been so nearly realized in practice as on Pitcairn's Island.

Of Mr. Brodie's book we need say little. It is characterized by poverty of thought and poverty of style; but the writer has seen the world under many aspects, and his comparisons sometimes have a certain use. The chief value of his present book lies in the paragraph which we have quoted at length.

An account of the following interesting experiment, made at the Royal Institution a few weeks ago by H. F. Talbot, Esq., has been presented to the Royal Society, and to the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris:—

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGENIC IMAGES.—It has long been a desideratum in photographic science to obtain a truly instantaneous portrait of a body in rapid motion. Some experimenters have indeed published what they call "instantaneous processes"; but it will readily be understood that this is merely a phrase expressive of rapidity—and that such processes do not in fact give distinct images of bodies moving swiftly across the field of view.

A photographic process recently invented by Mr. Talbot having appeared to him to exceed in sensibility any other with which he was acquainted, he resolved to try whether it were possible to obtain by means of it an instantaneous image. The experiment was tried at the Royal Institution, and proved successful. The arrangements adopted were as follows:—

A printed paper was fixed upon the surface of a wheel. A camera was carefully adjusted to give a correct image of this wheel. The room was then darkened, and a very sensitive plate was placed in the camera—the wheel was turned by a handle until it acquired a great velocity—the greatest, in fact, which could be given to it. At this moment the camera was opened, and a powerful electric battery was discharged in front of the wheel, illuminating it with a sudden flash of brilliant light. The sensitive plate was then taken out of the camera, and the image was developed. The plate was found to contain an image of the words printed on the paper—and it was remarkable to observe that there was no indistinctness of outline in them, notwithstanding the rapid motion of the wheel.

The valuable uses to which this novel fact in Photography can be applied are too obvious to require to be specifically pointed out. It will only be necessary for photographers to devise convenient and easy methods of obtaining the electric spark and throwing it on the object, and we shall be able to arrest and embody the most fugitive phenomena which present themselves to the eye.—*Athenæum*.

## SABBATH EVENING.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade  
Steals with a soft control  
O'er nature, as a thought of heaven  
Steals o'er the human soul;  
And every ray from yonder blue,  
And every drop of falling dew,  
Seem to bring down to human woes  
From heaven a message of repose.

O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees  
A shady group incline,  
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed  
Around their holy shrine;  
And o'er them now the night winds blow,  
So calm and still, the music low  
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer  
Soft echoed on the evening air.

The mists, like incense from the earth,  
Rise to a God beloved,

And o'er the waters move as erst  
The Holy Spirit moved;  
The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,  
Seem the fair notes of seraphim;  
And all earth's thousand voices raise  
Their song of worship, love, and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers  
Bend low their lovely eyes,  
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew  
Up to the holy skies;  
And the pure stars come out above,  
Like sweet and blessed things of love,  
Bright signals in the ethereal dome  
To guide the parted spirit home.

There is a spirit of blessedness  
In air and earth and heaven,  
And nature wears the blessed look  
Of a young saint forgiven;  
Oh, who, at such an hour of love,  
Can gaze on all around, above,  
And not kneel down upon the sod  
With Nature's self to worship God!

## MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighborhood was dull enough—the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings: a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor. And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its boughs.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and surly, and said that the captain still owed them £1, 17s. The claim, however, seemed very disputable, and was stoutly denied by Helen. The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr. Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the *Court Guide*, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marvelling at the meanness of London. Scrawtown seemed to him the handsomer town of the two.

A shabby man-servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room, containing a very large round table, whereon were sundry works on homeopathy, Parry's *Cymbrion*, *Phutarch*, Davies' *Celtic Researches*, and a Sunday newspaper. An engraved portrait of the illustrious Hahnemann occupied the place of honor over the chimney-piece. In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr. Morgan appeared, and said politely, "Come in, sir."

The doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "My time's short, sir—going abroad; and now that I am going, patients flock to me. Too late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The doctor paused majestically, and, not remarking on Leonard's face the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly—"I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! hair chestnut; eyes—what color? Look this way—blue, dark blue. Hem! constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

Dr. Morgan, (impatiently.)—"Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms—stick to the symptoms."

Leonard.—"You mistake me, doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"

Dr. Morgan.—"Girl again! I understand! It is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? She must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption, or dyspepsia, or some such disease that don't exist: mere allopathic inventions—symptoms, sir, symptoms."

Leonard, (forcing his way.)—"You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan."

Dr. Morgan, (fumbling in his medical pocket-book.)—"Orphan! nothing for orphans, especially if inconsolable, like *aconite* and *chamomilla*."\*

With some difficulty Leonard succeeded in bringing Helen to the recollection of the homeopathist,

\* It may be necessary to observe, that homeopathy professes to deal with our moral affections as well as with our physical maladies, and has a globule for every sorrow.

stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr. Morgan.

The doctor was much moved.

"But really," said he, after a pause, "I don't see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I knew lords, and physicked them too, when I was a blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has had many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was! His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L'Estrange—I don't know if he was as good as he was clever."

"Lord L'Estrange!—that name begins with Les—"

"Stuff! He's always abroad—shows his sense. I'm going abroad too. No development for science in this horrid city; full of prejudices, sir, and given up to the most barbarous allopathical and phlebotomical propensities. I am going to the land of Hahnemann, sir—sold my good-will, lease, and furniture, and have bought in on the Rhine. Natural life there, sir—homeopathy needs nature: dine at one o'clock, get up at four—tea little known, and science appreciated. But I forget. Cott! what can I do for the orphan!"

"Well, sir," said Leonard rising, "Heaven will give me strength to support her."

The doctor looked at the young man attentively. "And yet," said he, in a gentler voice, "you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?"

Leonard.—"Not yet, sir; I hope to make them."

Doctor.—"Pless me, you do! How?—I can't make any."

Leonard colored and hung his head. He longed to say "Authors find friends in their readers—I am going to be an author." But he felt that the reply would savor of presumption, and held his tongue.

The doctor continued to examine him, and with friendly interest. "You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?"

Leonard.—"Both, sir."

Doctor.—"Sit down again, and let us talk. I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I'll see if I can help either of you, provided you tell me all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars."

Then, with that peculiaradroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr. Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy's history and hopes. But when the doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homeopathist actually started. "Leonard Fairfield, grandson of my old friend, John Avenel of Landsmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs. Fairfield!—Ah, now, I look, strong family likeness—very strong!"

The tears stood in the doctor's eyes. "Poor Nora!" said he.

"Nora! did you know my aunt?"

"Your aunt! Ah—ah! yes—yes! Poor Nora!—she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as if yesterday."

The doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, had in his benevolence thrust another between Leonard's quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.

"Ha! that's my great patient," cried the doctor, recovering his self-possession—"must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Puzzling and interesting. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her. Good-bye. Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this, the doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by poor Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords, the first syllable of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of May Fair, he ascertained his way to that quarter, and, exercising his mother-wit, inquired at the neighboring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen. Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bedridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog. It is needless to say that the name of L'Estrange (no habitant of London) was not in the *Court Guide*. And Dr. Morgan's assertion that that person was always abroad, unluckily dismissed from Leonard's mind the name the homeopathist had so casually mentioned. But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day, and told her of his ill-success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to see how she had contrived, in his absence, to give a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself. She had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut-tree bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. Even the old rush-bottomed chairs had a strange air of elegance, from the mode in which they were placed. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest corner of hut and attic.

Leonard wondered and praised. He kissed his blushing ministrant gratefully, and they sat down in joy to their abstemious meal; when suddenly his face was overclouded—there shot through him the remembrance of Dr. Morgan's words—"The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what grieved him. Helen at first exclaimed that "she would not go." Leonard rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and, hastily finishing his meal,

as if there were no time to lose, sat down at once to his papers. Then Helen contemplated him sadly, as he bent over his delightful work. And when, lifting his radiant eyes from his MS., he exclaimed, "No, no, you shall not go. *This* must succeed—and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more than one tree"—then Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go."

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into her own; and there, kneeling down, she prayed, and her prayer was somewhat this—"Guard me against my own selfish heart; may I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

Perhaps, as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LEONARD went out the next day with his precious MSS. He had read sufficient of modern literature to know the names of the principal London publishers; and to these he took his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognized him. There was on his face so deep, so silent, and so concentrated a despondency. He sat down listlessly, and did not kiss her this time, as she stole towards him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. *He* take charge of another life! He!

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed repetition. Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his MSS.; one or two had good-naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, and who in youth had gone through the same bitter process of disillusion that now awaited the village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy. This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare promise that it manifested. He sympathized with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell—

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man. But suppose that, impressed as I really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this MS., I publish it, not as a trader, but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great disservice, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard. "Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me," he added, with proud tears in his eyes.

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in these verses to induce very flattering reviews in some of the literary journals. You will read these, and, finding yourself proclaimed a poet, will cry, 'I am on the road to fame.' You will come to me, 'And my poem,

how does it sell?' I shall point to some groaning shelf, and say, 'Not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet, just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life; none like to employ poets;—a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to sigh for it; you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieus of the Muses, scribble for periodicals, fall at last into a bookseller's drudge. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain, that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you, who now seem so ingenious and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—"

"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, veiling his face with his hands.

"Such would have been my career," continued the publisher. "But I luckily had a rich relative, a trader, whose calling I despised as a boy, who kindly forgave my folly, bound me as an apprentice, and here I am; and now I can afford to write books as well as sell them."

"Young man, you must have respectable relations—go by their advice and counsel; cling fast to some positive calling. Be anything in this city rather than poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have there ever been poets? Had they other callings?"

"Read their biography, and then envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment; but, lifting his head, answered loud and quickly—"I have read their biography. True, their lot poverty—perhaps hunger. Sir, I envy them!"

"Poverty and hunger are small evils," answered the bookseller, with a grave kind smile. "There are worse—debt and degradation, and—despair."

"No, sir, no—you exaggerate; these last are not the lot of all poets."

"Right, for most of our greatest poets had some private means of their own. And for others, why, all who have put into a lottery have not drawn blanks. But who could advise another man to set his whole hope of fortune on the chance of a prize in a lottery? And such a lottery!" groaned the publisher, glancing towards sheets and reams of dead authors lying like lead upon his shelves.

Leonard clutched his MSS. to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, as Helen clung to him and tried to console—"yes, you were right; London is very vast, very strong, and very cruel," and his head sank lower and lower yet upon his bosom.

The door was flung widely open, and in, unannounced, walked Dr. Morgan.

The child turned to him, and, at the sight of his face, she remembered her father; and the tears that, for Leonard's sake, she had been trying to suppress, found way.

The good doctor soon gained all the confidence of these two young hearts. And, after listening to Leonard's story of his paradise lost in a day, he patted him on the shoulder and said, "Well, you will call on me on Monday, and we will see. Meanwhile, borrow these of me"—and he tried to slip three sovereigns into the boy's hand. Leonard was indignant. The bookseller's warning flashed on him. Mendicancy! Oh, no, he had not yet



come to that! He was almost rude and savage in his rejection; and the doctor did not like him the less for it.

"You are an obstinate mule," said the homœopathist, reluctantly putting up his sovereigns. "Will you work at something practical and prosy, and let the poetry rest awhile?"

"Yes," said Leonard, doggedly, "I will work."

"Very well, then. I know an honest bookseller, and he shall give you some employment; and, meanwhile, at all events, you will be among books, and that will be some comfort."

Leonard's eyes brightened—"A great comfort, sir." He pressed the hand he had before put aside to his grateful heart.

"But," resumed the doctor, seriously, "you really feel a strong predisposition to make verses?"

"I did, sir."

"Very bad symptom indeed, and must be stopped before a relapse! Here, I have cured three prophets and ten poets with this novel specific."

While thus speaking he had got out his book and a globule. "*Agaricus muscarius* dissolved in a tumbler of distilled water—tea-spoonful whenever the fit comes on. Sir, it would have cured Milton himself.

"And now for you, my child," turning to Helen—"I have found a lady who will be very kind to you. Not a menial situation. She wants some one to read to her, and tend on her—she is old and has no children. She wants a companion, and prefers a girl of your age to one older. Will this suit you?"

Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the doctor's ear, and whispered, "No, I cannot leave him now—he is so sad."

"Cott!" grunted the doctor, "you two must have been reading *Paul and Virginia*. If I could but stay in England, I would try what *ignatia* would do in this case—interesting experiment! Listen to me—little girl; and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed. Helen made an involuntary step after him—the doctor detained and drew her on his knee.

"What's your Christian name?—I forget."

"Helen."

"Helen, listen. In a year or two you will be a young woman, and it would be very wrong then to live alone with that young man. Meanwhile, you have no right to cripple all his energies. He must not have you leaning on his right arm—you would weigh it down. I am going away, and when I am gone there will be no one to help you, if you reject the friend I offer you. Do as I tell you, for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible (a thorough *pulsatilla* constitution) cannot be obstinate and egotistical."

"Let me see him cared for and happy, sir," said she firmly, "and I will go where you wish."

"He shall be so; and to-morrow, while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leave-taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy."

Helen sobbed aloud; then writhing from the doctor, she exclaimed, "But he may know where I am! We may see each other sometimes! Ah, sir, it was at my father's grave that we first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part us forever."

"I should have a heart of stone if I did," cried the doctor vehemently, "and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a week. I'll give

her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy—with *rhododendron* and *arsenic*!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE he went, the doctor wrote a line to Mr. Prickett, bookseller, Holborn, and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed. "I will call on Prickett myself to-night, and prepare him for your visit. But I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days."

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate—a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maids sometimes are; but just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard listened and made no opposition;—now that his day-dream was dispelled, he had no right to pretend to be Helen's protector. He could have bade her share his wealth and his fame; his penury and his drudgery—no.

It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sat up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they talk much; but his hand clasped hers all the time, and her head pillowed itself on his shoulder. I fear, when they parted, it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning. Helen stood at the street door, watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still quiet child, when the form she had watched was to be seen no more, and, still standing on the desolate threshold, she gazed into space—and all was vacant.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

MR. PRICKETT was a believer in homœopathy, and declared, to the indignation of all the apothecaries round Holborn, that he had been cured of a chronic rheumatism by Dr. Morgan. The good doctor had, as he promised, seen Mr. Prickett when he left Leonard, and asked him as a favor to find some light occupation for the boy, that would serve as an excuse for a modest weekly salary. "It will not be for long," said the doctor; "his relations are respectable and well off. I will write to his grandparents, and in a few days I hope to relieve you of the charge. Of course, if you don't want him, I will repay what he costs meanwhile."

Mr. Prickett, thus prepared for Leonard, received him very graciously, and, after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted to assist him in cataloguing his books, and offered him most handsomely 1*l.* a week for the task.

Plunged at once into a world of books vaster than he had ever before won admission to, that old divine dream of knowledge, out of which poetry had sprung, returned to the village student at the very sight of the venerable volumes. The collection of Mr. Prickett was, however, in reality by no means large; but it comprised not only the ordinary standard works, but several curious and rare ones. And Leonard paused in making the catalogue, and took many a hasty snatch of the contents of each tome, as it passed through his hands. The bookseller, who was an enthusiast for old books, was pleased to see a kindred feeling (which his shop-boy had never exhibited) in his new assistant; and he talked about rare editions and scarce copies,

and initiated Leonard into many of the mysteries of the bibliographer.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas-lamp burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. He missed not the green fields, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr. Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold shoulder of mutton. During dinner, the shop-boy kept the shop, and Mr. Prickett was really pleasant as well as loquacious. He took a liking to Leonard—and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr. Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed as at a capital joke. "Oh, give up poetry, and stick to the shop," cried he; "and to cure you forever of the mad whim to be an author, I'll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. You'll come back quite a new man to-morrow."

Not till night, when the shop was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!

There was a rose-tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written—

"Dear, dear brother Leonard, God bless you! I will let you know when we can meet again. Take care of this rose, brother, and don't forget poor HELEN."

Over the word "forget" there was a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.

Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro the streets. He passed that stiller and humbler neighborhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

He came back, lighted his candle, and resolutely drew forth the "*Chatterton*" which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal knowledge of the mournful immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that dread life seized upon him—seized with pain, and gloom, and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wondrous boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so harshly and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (if not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other

cases viewed with indulgence, and exhibiting, in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labor, such courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make men great, not only in books, but in action. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent before their beauty, literally awed and breathless. How had this strange Bristol boy tamed and mastered his rude and motley materials into a music that comprehended every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest! He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, mournful spirit, alone in the Great City, like himself. He followed its dismal career, he saw it falling with bruised and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later works, wrung forth as tasks for bread—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here, his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can) the divine fire that burned fitfully through that meaner and more sordid fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire necessity, the hand of the young giant who had built up the stately verse of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that "mighty line!" How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work! Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscripts torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewn round the corpse upon the funeral floor. It was terrible! The spectre of the Titan boy, (as described in the notes written on the margin,) with his haughty brow, his cynic smiles, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

It will often happen that what ought to turn the human mind from some peculiar tendency produces the opposite effect. One would think that the perusal in the newspaper of some crime and capital punishment would warn away all who had ever meditated the crime, or dreaded the chance of detection. Yet it is well known to us that many a criminal is made by pondering over the fate of some predecessor in guilt. There is a fascination in the Dark and Forbidden, which, strange to say, is only lost in fiction. No man is more inclined to murder his nephews, or stifle his wife, after reading Richard the Third or Othello. It is the *reality* that is necessary to constitute the danger of contagion. Now it was this reality in the fate, and life, and crowning suicide of Chatterton, that forced itself upon Leonard's thoughts, and sat there like a visible evil thing, gathering evil like a cloud around it. There was much in the dead poet's character, his trials, and his doom, that stood out to Leonard like a bold and colossal shadow of himself and his fate. Alas! the bookseller, in one respect, had said truly. Leonard came back to him the next day a new man; and it had seemed even to himself as if he had lost a good angel in losing Helen. "Oh, that she had been by my side!" thought he. "Oh, that I could have felt the touch of her confiding hand—that, looking up from the seathed and dreary ruin of this life, that had sublimely lifted itself from the plain, and sought to tower aloft from a deluge, her mild look had spoken to me of innocent, humble, unambitious childhood! Ah! if indeed I were still necessary to her—still the sole

guardian and protector—then I could say to myself, 'Thou must not despair and die! Thou hast her to live and to strive for.' But no, no! Only this vast and terrible London—the solitude of the dreary garret, and those lustrous eyes glaring alike through the throng and through the solitude."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

On the following Monday, Dr. Morgan's shabby man-servant opened the door to a young man in whom he did not at first remember a former visitor. A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that threshold. Now again he stood there, pale and haggard, with a cheek already hollowed into those deep anxious lines that speak of working thoughts and sleepless nights; and a settled, sullen gloom resting heavily on his whole aspect.

"I call by appointment," said the boy testily, as the servant stood irresolute. The man gave way. "Master is just called out to a patient: please to wait, sir;" and he showed him into the little parlor. In a few moments two other patients were admitted. These were women, and they began talking very loud. They disturbed Leonard's unsocial thoughts. He saw that the door into the doctor's receiving-room was half open, and, ignorant of the etiquette which holds such *penetrations* as sacred, he walked in to escape from the gossips. He threw himself into the doctor's own well-worn chair, and muttered to himself, "Why did he tell me to come? What new can he think of for me? And if a favor, should I take it? He has given me the means of bread by work; that is all I have a right to ask from him, from any man—all I should accept."

While thus soliloquizing, his eye fell on a letter lying open on the table. He started. He recognized the handwriting—the same as the letter which had inclosed £50 to his mother—the letter of his grandparents. He saw his own name: he saw something more—words that made his heart stand still, and his blood seem like ice in his veins. As he thus stood aghast, a hand was laid on the letter, and a voice, in an angry growl, muttered, "How dare you come into my room, and be reading my letters? Er—r—r!"

Leonard placed his own hand on the doctor's firmly and said in a fierce tone, "This letter relates to me—belongs to me—crushes me. I have seen enough to know that. I demand to read all—learn all."

The doctor looked round, and, seeing the door into the waiting-room still open, kicked it to with his foot, and then said, under his breath, "What have you read? Tell me the truth."

"Two lines only, and I am called—I am called"—Leonard's frame shook from head to foot, and the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. He could not complete the sentence. It seemed as if an ocean was rolling up through his brain, and roaring in his ears. The doctor saw, at a glance, that there was physical danger in his state, and hastily and soothingly answered—"Sit down, sit down—calm yourself—you shall know all—read all—drink this water;" and he poured into a tumbler of the pure liquid a drop or two from a tiny phial.

Leonard obeyed mechanically, for indeed he was no longer able to stand. He closed his eyes, and for a minute or two life seemed to pass from him; then he recovered, and saw the good doctor's gaze

fixed on him with great compassion. He silently stretched forth his hand towards the letter. "Wait a few moments," said the physician judiciously, "and hear me meanwhile. It is very unfortunate you should have seen a letter never meant for your eye, and containing allusions to a secret you were never to have known. But, if I tell you more, will you promise me, on your word of honor, that you will hold the confidence sacred from Mrs. Fairfield, the Avenels—from all? I myself am pledged to conceal a secret, which I can only share with you on the same condition."

"There is nothing," announced Leonard indistinctly, and with a bitter smile on his lip, "nothing, it seems, that I should be proud to boast of. Yes, I promise—the letter, the letter!"

The doctor placed it in Leonard's right hand, and quietly slipped to the wrist of the left his forefinger and thumb, as physicians are said to do when a victim is stretched on the rack. "Pulse decreasing," he muttered; "wonderful thing, *Aconite!*" Meanwhile Leonard read as follows, faults in spelling and all:—

"DR. MORGAN.

"Sir,—I received your favor duly, and am glad to hear that the pore boy is safe and Well. But he has been behaving ill, and ungrateful to my good son Richard, who is a credit to the whole Family, and has made himself a Gentleman, and Was very kind and good to the boy, not knowing who and What he is—God forbid! I don't want never to see him again—the boy. Pore John was ill and Restless for days afterwards. John is a pore cretur now, and has had paralytiks. And he talked of nothing but Nora—the boy's eyes were so like his Mother's. I cannot, cannot see the Child of Shame. He can't cum here—for our Lord's sake, sir, don't ask it—he can't, so Respectable as we've always been!—and such disgrace! Base born—base born. Keep him where he is, bind him prentis, I'll pay anything for That. You say, sir, he's clever, and quick at learning; so did Parson Dale, and wanted him to go to Collidge, and make a Figur—then all would cum out. It would be my death, sir; I could not sleep in my grave, sir. Nora that we were all so proud of. Sinful creturs that we are! Nora's good name that we've saved now, gone, gone. And Richard, who is so grand, and who was so fond of pore, pore Nora! He would not hold up his Head again. Don't let him make a Figur in the world—let him be a tradesman, as we were afore him—any trade he Takes to—and not cross us no more while he lives. Then I shall pray for him, and wish him happy. And have not we had enuff of bringing up children to be above their birth? Nora, that I used to say was like the first lady o' the land—oh, but we were rightly punished! So now, sir, I leave all to you, and will Pay you all you want for the boy. And be Sure that the secret's kep. For we have never heard from the father, and, at leest, no one knows that Nora has a living son but I and my daughter Jane, and Parson Dale and you—and you Two are good Gentlemen—and Jane will keep her word, and I am old, and shall be in my grave Soon, but I hope it won't be while pore John needs me. What could he do without me? And if that got wind, it would kill me straight, sir. Pore John is a helpless cretur, God bliss him. So no more from your servant in all dooty.

M. AVENEL."

Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight heaving at his breast, and a deathlike whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt

were undetected. And it is a proof how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, "Thank Heaven!"

The doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, "For what?"

"I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I knew and honored as a mother. I am not her son—her—"

He stopped short.

"No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!"

Leonard staggered, and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!"

These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame, and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried. "Tell her," he said, with a stern, unflinching voice—"tell Mrs. Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her, also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name."

A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness?

"I do not doubt it, my brave boy," said Dr. Morgan, growing exceedingly Welsh in his excitement; "and perhaps you may find a father, who—"

"Father—who is he—what is he? He lives, then! But he has deserted me—he must have betrayed her! I need him not. The law gives me no father."

The last words were said with a return of bitter anguish; then, in a calmer tone, he resumed, "But I should know who he is—as another one whose path I may not cross."

Dr. Morgan looked embarrassed, and paused in deliberation. "Nay," said he at length, "as you know so much, it is surely best that you should know all."

The doctor then proceeded to detail, with some circumlocution, what we will here repeat from his account more succinctly.

Nora Avenel, while yet very young, left her native village, or rather the house of Lady Lansmere, by whom she had been educated and brought up, in order to accept the place of governess or companion in London. One evening she suddenly presented herself at her father's house, and at the first sight of her mother's face she fell down insensible. She was carried to bed. Dr. Morgan (then the chief medical practitioner of the town) was sent for. That night Leonard came into the world, and his mother died. She never recovered her senses, never spoke intelligibly from the time she entered the house. "And never, therefore, named your father," said Dr. Morgan. "We knew not who he was."

"And how," cried Leonard, fiercely—"how have they dared to slander this dead mother! How

knew they that I—was—was—was not the child of wedlock?"

"There was no wedding ring on Nora's finger—never any rumor of her marriage—her strange and sudden appearance at her father's house—her emotions on entrance, so unlike those natural to a wife returning to a parent's home; these are all the evidence against her. But Mr. Avenel deemed them strong, and so did I. You have a right to think we judged too harshly—perhaps we did."

"And no inquiries were ever made?" said Leonard mournfully, and after long silence—"no inquiries to learn who was the father of the motherless child?"

"Inquiries!—Mrs. Avenel would have died first. Your grandmother's nature is very rigid. Had she come from princes, from Cadwallader himself," said the Welshman, "she could not more have shrunk from the thought of dishonor. Even over her dead child, the child she had loved the best, she thought but how to save that child's name and memory from suspicion. There was luckily no servant in the house, only Mark Fairfield and his wife (Nora's sister); they had arrived the same day on a visit.

"Mrs. Fairfield was nursing her own infant, two or three months old; she took charge of you; Nora was buried, and the secret kept. None out of the family knew of it, but myself and the curate of the town—Mr. Dale. The day after your birth, Mrs. Fairfield, to prevent discovery, moved to a village at some distance. There her child died; and when she returned to Hazeldean, where her husband was settled, you passed as the son she had lost. Mark, I know, was as a father to you, for he had loved Nora; they had been children together."

"And she came to London—London is strong and cruel," muttered Leonard. "She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—that I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs. Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more."

The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. "Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient and say they'll go."

"Sir," said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, "I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I go now. I will never mention to my mother—I mean to Mrs. Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr. Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I cannot take Mrs. Avenel's money and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you."

The doctor was too moved to answer. He wrung Leonard's hand, and in another minute the door closed upon the nameless boy. He stood alone in the streets of London; and the sun flashed on him, red and menacing, like the eye of a foe!

#### CHAPTER XIX.

LEONARD did not appear at the shop of Mr. Prickett that day. Needless it is to say where he wandered—what he suffered—what thought—what felt. All within was storm. Late at night he returned to his solitary lodging. On his table, neglected since the morning, was Helen's rose-tree. It looked parched and fading. His heart smote



him; he watered the poor plant—perhaps with his tears.

Meanwhile, Dr. Morgan, after some debate with himself whether or not to apprise Mrs. Avenel of Leonard's discovery and message, resolved to spare her an uneasiness and alarm that might be dangerous to her health, and unnecessary in itself. He replied shortly, that she need not fear Leonard's coming to her house—that he was disinclined to bind himself an apprentice, but that he was provided for at present; and in a few weeks, when Dr. Morgan heard more of him through the tradesman by whom he was employed, the doctor would write to her from Germany. He then went to Mr. Prickett's—told the willing bookseller to keep the young man for the present—to be kind to him, watch over his habits and conduct, and report to the doctor in his new home, on the Rhine, what avocation he thought Leonard would be best suited for, and most inclined to adopt. The charitable Welshman divided with the bookseller the salary given to Leonard, and left a quarter of his moiety in advance. It is true that he knew he should be repaid on applying to Mrs. Avenel; but, being a man of independent spirit himself, he so sympathized with Leonard's present feelings that he felt as if he should degrade the boy did he maintain him, even secretly, out of Mrs. Avenel's money—money intended not to raise, but to keep him down in life. At the worst, it was a sum the doctor could afford, and he had brought the boy into the world.

Having thus, as he thought, safely provided for his two young charges, Helen and Leonard, the doctor then gave himself up to his final preparations for departure. He left a short note for Leonard with Mr. Prickett, containing some brief advice, some kind cheering; a postscript to the effect that he had not communicated to Mrs. Avenel the information Leonard had acquired, and that it were best to leave her in that ignorance; and six small powders to be dissolved in water, and a tea-spoonful every fourth hour—"Sovereign against rage and sombre thoughts," wrote the doctor.

By the evening of the next day Dr. Morgan, accompanied by his pet patient with the chronic tic, whom he had talked into exile, was on the steamboat on his way to Ostend.

Leonard resumed his life at Mr. Prickett's; but the change in him did not escape the bookseller. All his ingenious simplicity had deserted him. He was very distant, and very taciturn; he seemed to have grown much older. I shall not attempt to analyze metaphysically this change. By the help of such words as Leonard may himself occasionally let fall, the reader will dive into the boy's heart, and see how there the change had worked, and is working still. The happy, dreamy peasant-genius, gazing on glory with inebriate, undazzled eyes, is no more. It is a man, suddenly cut off from the old household holy ties—conscious of great powers, and confronted on all sides by barriers of iron—alone with hard Reality, and scornful London; and if he catches a glimpse of the lost Helicon, he sees, where he saw the Muse, a pale melancholy spirit veiling its face in shame—the ghost of the mournful mother, whose child has no name, not even the humblest, among the family of men.

On the second evening after Dr. Morgan's departure, as Leonard was just about to leave the shop, a customer stepped in with a book in his hand which he had snatched from the shop-boy, who was removing the volumes for the night from the booth without.

"Mr. Prickett, Mr. Prickett!" said the customer, "I am ashamed of you. You presume to put upon this work, in two volumes, the sum of eight shillings."

Mr. Prickett stepped forth from the Cimmerian gloom of some recess, and cried, "What! Mr. Burley, is that you? But for your voice, I should not have known you."

"Man is like a book, Mr. Prickett; the commonality only look to his binding. I am better bound, it is very true."

Leonard glanced towards the speaker, who now stood under the gas-lamp, and thought he recognized his face. He looked again. Yes; it was the perch-fisher whom he had met on the banks of the Brent, and who had warned him of the lost fish and the broken line.

Mr. Burley, (continuing.)—"But the 'Art of Thinking'!—you charge eight shillings for the 'Art of Thinking.'"

Mr. Prickett.—"Cheap enough, Mr. Burley. A very clean copy."

Mr. Burley.—"Usurer! I sold it to you for three shillings. It is more than 150 per cent. you propose to gain from my 'Art of Thinking.'"

Mr. Prickett, (stuttering and taken aback.)—"You sold it to me! Ah, now I remember. But it was more than three shillings I gave. You forget—two glasses of brandy and water."

Mr. Burley.—"Hospitality, sir, is not to be priced. If you sell your hospitality, you are not worthy to possess my 'Art of Thinking.' I resume it. There are three shillings, and a shilling more for interest. No: on second thoughts, instead of that shilling, I will return your hospitality; and the first time you come my way you shall have two glasses of brandy and water."

Mr. Prickett did not look pleased, but he made no objection; and Mr. Burley put the book into his pocket, and turned to examine the shelves. He bought an old jest-book, a stray volume of the Comedies of Destouches—paid for them—put them also into his pocket, and was sauntering out when he perceived Leonard, who was now standing at the doorway.

"Hem! who is that?" he asked, whispering Mr. Prickett.

"A young assistant of mine, and very clever."

Mr. Burley scanned Leonard from top to toe. "We have met before, sir. But you look as if you had returned to the Brent, and been fishing for my perch."

"Possibly, sir," answered Leonard. "But my line is tough and is not yet broken, though the fish drags it amongst the weeds, and buries itself in the mud."

He lifted his hat, bowed slightly, and walked on. "He is clever," said Mr. Burley to the bookseller: "he understands allegory."

Mr. Prickett.—"Poor youth! He came to town with the idea of turning author: you know what that is, Mr. Burley."

Mr. Burley, (with an air of superb dignity.)—"Bibliopole, yes! An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon Orléans and Tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors. Meanwhile, sir, I invite you to my rooms,

and will regale you upon brandy and water as long as I can pay for it; and when I cannot you shall regale me."

Mr. Prickett muttered, "A very bad bargain, indeed," as Mr. Burley, with his chin in the air, stepped into the street.

## CHAPTER XX.

At first, Leonard had always returned home through the crowded thoroughfares—the contact of numbers had animated his spirits. But the last two days, since his discovery of his birth, he had taken his way down the comparatively unpeopled path of the New Road.

He had just gained that part of this outskirts in which the statuary and tomb-makers exhibit their gloomy wares—furniture alike for gardens and for graves—and, pausing, contemplated a column, on which was placed an urn half covered with a funeral mantle, when his shoulder was lightly tapped, and, turning quickly, he saw Mr. Burley standing behind him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you understand perch-fishing; and since we find ourselves on the same road, I should like to be better acquainted with you. I hear you once wished to be an author. I am one."

Leonard had never before, to his knowledge, seen an author, and a mournful smile passed his lips as he surveyed the perch-fisher.

Mr. Burley was indeed very differently attired since the first interview by the brooklet. He looked much less like an author—but more perhaps like a perch-fisher. He had a new white hat, stuck on one side of his head—a new green overcoat—new gray trousers, and new boots. In his hand was a whalebone stick, with a silver handle. Nothing could be more vagrant, devil-me-carish, and, to use a slang word, *tigrish*, than his whole air. Yet, vulgar as was his costume, he did not himself seem vulgar, but rather eccentric—lawless—something out of the pale of convention. His face looked more pale and more puffed than before, the tip of his nose redder; but the spark in his eye was of livelier light, and there was a self-enjoyment in the corners of his sensual, humorous lip.

"You are an author, sir," repeated Leonard. "Well. And what is your report of the calling? Yonder column props an urn. The column is tall, and the urn is graceful. But it looks out of place by the roadside: what say you?"

Mr. Burley.—"It would look better in a churchyard."

Leonard.—"So I was thinking. And you are an author!"

Mr. Burley.—"Ah, I said you had a quick sense of allegory. And so you think an author looks better in a churchyard, when you see him but as a muffled urn under the moonshine, than standing beneath the gas-lamp in a white hat, and with a red tip to his nose. Abstractedly, you are right. But, with your leave, the author would rather be where he is. Let us walk on." The two men felt an interest in each other, and they walked some yards in silence.

"To return to the urn," said Mr. Burley—"you think of fame and churchyards. Natural enough, before illusion dies; but I think of the moment, of existence—and I laugh at fame. Fame, sir—not worth a glass of cold without! And as for a glass of warm, with sugar—and five shillings in one's pocket to spend as one pleases—what is there in Westminster Abbey to compare with it?"

"Talk on, sir—I should like to hear you talk.

Let me listen and hold my tongue." Leonard pulled his hat over his brows, and gave up his moody, questioning, turbulent mind to his new acquaintance.

And John Burley talked on. A dangerous and a fascinating talk it was—the talk of a great intellect fallen. A serpent trailing its length on the ground, and showing bright, shifting, glorious hues, as it grovelled. A serpent, yet without the serpent's guile. If John Burley deceived and tempted, he meant it not—he crawled and glittered alike honestly. No dove could be more simple.

Laughing at fame, he yet dwelt with an eloquent enthusiasm on the joy of composition. "What do I care what men without are to say and think of the words that gush forth on my page?" cried he. "If you think of the public, of urns, and laurels, while you write, you are no genius; you are not fit to be an author. I write because it rejoices me—because it is my nature. Written, I care no more what becomes of it than the lark for the effect that the song has on the peasant it wakes to the plough. The poet, like the lark, sings 'from his watch-tower in the skies.' Is this true?"

"Yes, very true!"

"What can rob us of this joy? The bookseller will not buy, the public will not read. Let them sleep at the foot of the ladder of the angels—we climb it all the same. And then one settles down into such good-tempered Lucianic contempt for men. One wants so little from them, when one knows what one's-self is worth, and what they are. They are just worth the coin one can extract from them, in order to live. Our life—that is worth so much to us. And then their joys, so vulgar to them, we can make them golden and kingly. Do you suppose Burns drinking at the ale-house, with his boots around him, was drinking, like them, only beer and whiskey? No, he was drinking nectar—he was imbibing his own ambrosial thoughts—shaking with the laughter of the gods. The coarse human liquid was just needed to unlock his spirit from the clay—take it from jerkin and corduroys, and wrap it in the 'singing robes' that floated wide in the skies: the beer or the whiskey needed but for that, and then it changed at once into the drink of Hebe. But come, you have not known this life—you have not seen it. Come, give me this night. I have moneys about me—I will fling them abroad as liberally as Alexander himself, when he left to his share but hope, Come!"

"Whither?"

"To my throne. On that throne last sat Edmund Kean—mighty mime. I am his successor. We will see whether in truth these wild sons of genius, who are cited but 'to point a moral and adorn a tale,' were objects of compassion. Sobersuited cito to lament over a Savage and a Morland—a Porson and a Burns!"

"Or a Chatterton," said Leonard, gloomily.

"Chatterton was an impostor in all things; he feigned excesses that he never knew. He a bacchanalian—a royster! He!—No. We will talk of him. Come!"

Leonard went.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROOM! And the smoke-reek, and the gas glare of it. The whitewash of the walls, and the prints thereon of the actors in their mime-robes, and stage postures; actors as far back as their own lost Augustan era, when the stage was a

real living influence on the manners and the age. There was Betterton in wig and gown—as Cato, moralizing on the soul's eternity, and halting between Plato and the dagger. There was Woodward as "The Fine Gentleman," with the inimitable rake-hell air in which the heroes of Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar live again. There was jovial Quin as Falstaff, with round buckler and "fair round belly." There was Colley Cibber in brocade—taking snuff as with "his Lord," the thumb and forefinger raised in air—and looking at you for applause. There was Macklin as Shylock, with knife in hand; and Kemble, in the solemn weeds of the Dane; and Kean in the place of honor over the chimney-piece.

When we are suddenly taken from practical life, with its real workday men, and presented to the portraits of those sole heroes of a world—fantastic and fantasmal, in the garments wherein they did "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," verily there is something in the sight that moves an inner sense within ourselves—for all of us have an inner sense of some existence, apart from the one that wears away our days: an existence that, afar from St. James' and St. Giles', the Law Courts and Exchange, goes its way in terror or mirth, in smiles or in tears, through a vague magic land of the poets. There, see those actors! They are the men who lived it—to whom our world was the false one, to whom the imaginary was the actual. And did Shakespeare himself, in his life, ever hearken to the applause that thundered round the personators of his airy images! Vague children of the most transient of the arts, fleet shadows on running waters, though thrown down from the steadfast stars, were ye not happier than we who live in the real? How strange you must feel in the great circuit that ye now take through eternity! No prompt-books, no lamps, no acting Congreve and Shakespeare there! For what parts in the skies have your studies on the earth fitted you? Your ultimate destinies are very puzzling. Hail to your effigies, and pass we on!

There, too, on the whitewashed walls, were admitted the portraits of ruder rivals in the arena of fame—yet they, too, had known an applause warmer than his age gave to Shakespeare; the champions of the ring—Cribb, and Molyneux, and Dutch Sam. Interspersed with these was an old print of Newmarket in the early part of the last century, and sundry engravings from Hogarth. But poets, oh! they were there too; poets who might be supposed to have been sufficiently good fellows to be at home with such companions. Shakespeare, of course, with his placid forehead; Ben Jonson, with his heavy scowl; Burns and Byron cheek by jowl. But the strangest of all these heterogeneous specimens of graphic art was a full-length print of William Pitt!—William Pitt, the austere and imperious. What the deuce did he do there amongst prize-fighters, and actors, and poets? It seemed an insult to his grand memory. Nevertheless there he was, very erect, and with a look of ineffable disgust in his upturned nostrils. The portraits on the sordid walls were very like the crambo in the minds of ordinary men—very like the motley pictures of the FAMOUS hung up in your parlor, O my Public! Actors and prize-fighters, poets and statesmen, all without congruity and fitness, all whom you have been to see or to hear for a moment, and whose names have stared out in your newspapers, O my Public!

And the company? Indescribable! Comedians,

from small theatres, out of employ; pale haggard-looking boys, probably the sons of worthy traders, trying their best to break their fathers' hearts; here and there the marked features of a Jew. Now and then you might see the curious puzzled face of some greenhorn about town, or perhaps a Cantab; and men of grave age, and grayhaired, were there, and amongst them a wondrous proportion of carbuncled faces and bottled noses. And when John Burley entered, there was a shout that made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for "Burly John." And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and Leonard, with his grave observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as there is in the pit of the opera when some great singer advances to the lamps, and begins "*Di tanti palpiti*." Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour! John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow luscious roll in it.

"He will be grand to-night," whispered a thin man, who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock. John Burley is grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humor! How the Rabalais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun, (what word else shall describe it,) the man's intellect is as clear as a gold sand under a river. Such wit and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners, silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley's head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the smoke-reek grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley's eyes reel.

Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his laugh cracked; and he talks, O ye gods! such rubbish and baldry; and the listeners roar aloud, and think it finer than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself, in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, "He soars out of my reach," finds the giant shrink smaller and smaller, and saith to himself, "He is but of man's common standard, after all!"

Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hours have passed. Is John Burley now of man's common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene; his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of the smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round, and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls, some hugging each other on the tables, some fighting, some bawling, some weeping. The divine spark had fled from the human face; the beast is everywhere growing more and more out

of the thing that had been Man. And John Burley, still unconquered, but clean lost to his senses, fancies himself a preacher, and draws forth the most lugubrious sermon upon the brevity of life that mortal ever heard, accompanied with unctuous sobs; and now and then, in the midst of balderdash, gleams out a gorgeous sentence, that Jeremy Taylor might have envied; drivelling away again into a cadence below the rhetoric of Muggletonian. And the waiters choked up the doorway, listening and laughing, and prepared to call cabs and coaches; and suddenly some one turned off the gas-light, and all was dark as pitch—howls and laughter, as of the damned, ringing through the Pandemonium. Out from the black atmosphere stepped the boy-poet; and the still stars rushed on his sight, as they looked over the grimy rooftops.

## CHAPTER XXII.

WELL, Leonard, this is the first time thou hast shown that thou hast in thee the iron out of which true manhood is forged and shaped. Thou hast the power to resist. Forth, unebriate, unpolluted, he came from the orgy, as yon star above him came from the cloud.

He had a latch-key to his lodgings. He let himself in, and walked noiselessly up the creaking wooden stair. It was dawn. He passed on to his window, and threw it open. The green elm-tree from the carpenter's yard looked as fresh and fair as if rooted in solitudes, leagues away from the smoke of Babylon.

"Nature, Nature!" murmured Leonard, "I hear thy voice now. This stills—this strengthens. But the struggle is very dread. Here, despair of life—there, faith in life. Nature thinks of neither, and lives serenely on."

By-and-by a bird slid softly from the heart of the tree, and dropped on the ground below out of sight. But Leonard heard its carol. It awoke its companions—wings began to glance in the air, and the clouds grew red towards the east.

Leonard sighed and left the window. On the table, near Helen's rose-tree, which he bent over wistfully, lay a letter. He had not observed it before. It was in Helen's hand. He took it to the light, and read it by the pure healthful gleams of morn:—

"Oh, my dear brother Leonard, will this find you well, and (more happy I dare not say, but) less sad than when we parted? I write kneeling, so that it seems to me as if I wrote and prayed at the same time. You may come and see me to-morrow evening, Leonard. Do come, do—we shall walk together in this pretty garden; and there is an arbor all covered with jessamine and honeysuckle, from which we can look down on London. I have looked from it so many times—so many—trying if I can guess the roofs in our poor little street, and fancying that I do see the dear elm-tree.

"Mrs. Starke is very kind to me; and I think, after I have seen you, that I shall be happy here—that is, if you are happy.

"Your own grateful sister,  
"HELEN.

"Ivy Lodge.

"P.S.—Any one will direct you to our house; it lies to the left, near the top of the hill, a little way down a lane that is overhung on one side with chestnut trees and lilies. I shall be watching for you at the gate."

Leonard's brow softened, he looked again like his former self. Up from the dark sea at his heart smiled the meek face of a child, and the waves lay still as at the charm of a spirit.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"AND what is Mr. Burley, and what has he written?" asked Leonard of Mr. Prickett when he returned to the shop.

Let us reply to that question in our own words, for we know more about Mr. Burley than Mr. Prickett does.

John Burley was the only son of a poor clergyman, in a village near Ealing, who had scraped, and saved, and pinched, to send his son to an excellent provincial school in a northern county, and thence to college. At the latter, during his first year, young Burley was remarked by the undergraduates for his thick shoes and coarse linen, and remarkable to the authorities for his assiduity and learning. The highest hopes were entertained of him by the tutors and examiners. At the beginning of the second year his high animal spirits, before kept down by study, broke out. Reading had become easy to him. He knocked off his tasks with a facile stroke, as it were. He gave up his leisure hours to symposia by no means Socratical. He fell into an idle, hard-drinking set. He got into all kinds of scrapes. The authorities were at first kind and forbearing in their admonitions, for they respected his abilities, and still hoped he might become an honor to the university. But at last he went drunk into a formal examination, and sent in papers, after the manner of Aristophanes, containing capital jokes upon the Dons and Big-wigs themselves. The offence was the greater, and seemed the more premeditated, for being clothed in Greek. John Burley was expelled. He went home to his father's a miserable man, for, with all his follies, he had a good heart. Removed from ill example his life for a year was blameless. He got admitted as usher into the school in which he had received instruction as a pupil. This school was in a large town. John Burley became member of a club formed among the tradesmen, and spent three evenings a-week there. His astonishing convivial and conversational powers began to declare themselves. He grew the oracle of the club; and, from being the most sober, peacefuk assembly in which grave fathers of a family ever smoked a pipe or sipped a glass, it grew under Mr. Burley's auspices the parent of revels as frolicking and frantic as those out of which the old Greek Goat Song ever tipsily rose. This would not do. There was a great riot in the streets one night, and the next morning the usher was dismissed. Fortunately for John Burley's conscience, his father had died before this happened—died believing in the reform of his son. During his ushership, Mr. Burley had scraped acquaintance with the editor of the county newspaper, and given him some capital political articles; for Burley was, like Parr and Porson, a notable politician. The editor furnished him with letters to the journalists in London, and John came to the metropolis and got employed on a very respectable news paper. At college he had known Audley Egerton, though but slightly; that gentleman was then just rising into repute in Parliament. Burley sympathized with some question on which Audley had distinguished himself, and wrote a very good article thereon—an article so good that Egerton inquired into the authorship, found out Burley, and



resolved in his own mind to provide for him whenever he himself came into office. But Burley was a man whom it was impossible to provide for. He soon lost his connection with the newspaper. First, he was so irregular that he could never be depended upon. Secondly, he had strange, honest, eccentric twists of thinking, that could coalesce with the thoughts of no party in the long run. An article of his inadvertently admitted, had horrified all the proprietors, staff, and readers of the paper. It was diametrically opposite to the principles the paper advocated, and compared its pet politician to Catiline. Then John Burley shut himself up and wrote books. He wrote two or three books, very clever, but not at all to the popular taste—abstract and learned, full of whims that were *caviare* to the multitude, and larded with Greek. Nevertheless they obtained for him a little money, and among literary men some reputation. Now Audley Egerton came into power, and got him, though with great difficulty—for there were many prejudices against this scampish harum-scarum son of the Muses—a place in a public office. He kept it about a month, and then voluntarily resigned it. "My crust of bread and liberty!" quoth John Burley, and he vanished into a garret. From that time to the present he lived—Heaven knows how. Literature is a business, like everything else; John Burley grew more and more incapable of business. "He could not do task-work," he said; he wrote when the whim seized him, or when the last penny was in his pouch, or when he was actually in the spunging-house or the fleet—migrations which occurred to him, on an average, twice a-year. He could generally sell what he had positively written, but no one would engage him beforehand. Magazines and other periodicals were very glad to have his articles, on the condition that they were anonymous; and his style was not necessarily detected, for he could vary it with the facility of a practised pen. Audley Egerton continued his best supporter, for there were certain questions on which no one wrote with such force as John Burley—questions connected with the metaphysics of politics, such as law reform and economical science. And Audley Egerton was the only man John Burley put himself out of the way to serve, and for whom he would give up a drinking bout and do *task-work*; for John Burley was grateful by nature, and he felt that Egerton had really tried to befriend him. Indeed, it was true, as he had stated to Leonard by the Brent, that, even after he had resigned his desk in the London office, he had the offer of an appointment in Jamaica, and a place in India from the minister. But probably there were other charms than those exercised by the one-eyed perch that kept him to the neighborhood of London. With all his grave faults of character and conduct, John Burley was not without the fine qualities of a large nature. He was most resolutely his own enemy, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else's. Even when he criticized some more fortunate writer, he was good-humored in his very satire; he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from malignant personalities, he might have been a model to all critics. I must except politics, however, for in these he could be rabid and savage. He had a passion for independence, which, though pushed to excess, was not without grandeur. No lick-platter, no parasite, no toad-eater, no literary beggar, no hunter after patronage and subscriptions; even in his dealings with Audley Egerton,

he insisted on naming the price for his labors. He took a price, because, as the papers required by Audley demanded much reading and detail, which was not at all to his taste, he considered himself entitled fairly to something more than the editor of the journal, wherein the papers appeared, was in the habit of giving. But he assessed this extra price himself, and as he would have done to a bookseller. And when in debt and in prison, though he knew a line to Egerton would have extricated him, he never wrote that line. He would depend alone on his pen—dipped it hastily in the ink, and scrawled himself free. The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humor, and sometimes to exalt by his fanciful eloquence the rude gross natures that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor's diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer, after all, he was only capable now of unequal desultory efforts. But as a talker, in his own wild way, he was original and matchless. And the gift of talk is one of the most dangerous gifts a man can possess for his own sake—the applause is so immediate, and gained with so little labor. Lower, and lower, and lower, had sunk John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed wilfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear them sung. He actually once made himself the poet of an advertising tailor, and enjoyed it excessively. But that did not last long, for John Burley was a Pittite—not a Tory, he used to say, but a Pittite. And if you had heard him talk of Pitt, you would never have known what to make of that great statesman. He treated him as the German commentators do Shakspeare, and invested him with all imaginary meanings and objects, that would have turned the grand practical man into a sybil. Well, he was a Pittite; the tailor a fanatic for Thelwall and Cobbett. Mr. Burley wrote a poem, wherein Britannia appeared to the tailor, complimented him highly on the art he exhibited in adorning the persons of her sons; and, bestowing upon him a gigantic mantle, said that he, and he alone, might be enabled to fit it to the shoulders of living men. The rest of the poem was occupied in Mr. Snip's unavailing attempts to adjust this mantle to the eminent politicians of the day, when, just as he had sunk down in despair, Britannia reappeared to him, and consoled him with the information that he had done all mortal man could do, and that she had only desired to convince pigmies that no human art could adjust to their proportions the mantle of William Pitt. *Sic itur ad astra*. She went back to the stairs, mantle and all. Mr. Snip was exceedingly indignant at this allegorical effusion, and with wrathful shears cut the tie between himself and his poet.

Thus, then, the reader has, we trust, a pretty good idea of John Burley—a specimen of his genus, not very common in any age, and now happily almost extinct, since authors of all degrees share in

the general improvement in order, economy, and sober decorum, which has obtained in the national manners. Mr. Prickett, though entering into less historical detail than we have done, conveyed to Leonard a tolerably accurate notion of the man, representing him as a person of great powers and learning, who had thoroughly thrown himself away.

Leonard did not, however, see how much Mr. Burley himself was to be blamed for his waste of life; he could not conceive a man of genius voluntarily seating himself at the lowest step in the social ladder. He rather supposed he had been thrust down there by necessity.

And, when Mr. Prickett, concluding, said, "Well, I should think Burley would cure you of the desire to be an author even more than Chatterton," the young man answered gloomily, "Perhaps," and turned to the bookshelves.

With Mr. Prickett's consent, Leonard was released earlier than usual from his task, and a little before sunset he took his way to Highgate. He was fortunately directed to take the new road by the Regent's Park, and so on through a very green and smiling country. The walk, the freshness of the air, the songs of the birds, and, above all, when he had got half-way, the solitude of the road, served to rouse him from his stern and sombre meditations. And when he came into the lane overhung with chestnut trees, and suddenly caught sight of Helen's watchful and then brightening face, as she stood by the wicket, and under the shadow of cool murmurous boughs, the blood rushed gayly through his veins, and his heart beat loud and gratefully.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

SHE drew him into the garden with such true, childlike joy!

Now, behold them seated in the arbor—a perfect bower of sweets and blossoms; the wilderness of roof-tops and spires stretching below, broad and far; London seen dim and silent, as in a dream.

She took his hat from his brows gently, and looked him in the face with tearful, penetrating eyes.

She did not say, "You are changed." She said, "Why, why did I leave you?" and then turned away.

"Never mind me, Helen. I am man, and rudely born—speak of yourself. This lady is kind to you then?"

"Does she not let me see you? Oh! very kind—and look here."

Helen pointed to fruits and cakes set out on the table. "A feast, brother."

And she began to press her hospitality with pretty winning ways, more playful than was usual to her, and talking very fast, and with forced but silvery laughter.

By degrees she stole him from his gloom and reserve; and, though he could not reveal to her the cause of his bitterest sorrow, he owned that he had suffered much. He would not have owned *that* to another living being. And then, quickly turning from this brief confession, with assurances that the worst was over, he sought to amuse her by speaking of his new acquaintance with the perch fisher. But when he spoke of this man with a kind of reluctant admiration, mixed with compassionate yet gloomy interest, and drew a grotesque though subdued sketch of the wild scene in which he had been spectator, Helen grew alarmed and grave.

"Oh, brother, do not go there again—do not see more of this bad man."

"Bad!—no! Hopeless and unhappy, he has stooped to stimulants and oblivion;—but you cannot understand these things, my pretty preacher."

"Yes I do, Leonard. What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do."

The definition was so simple and so wise that Leonard was more struck with it than he might have been by the most elaborate sermon by Parson Dale.

"I have often murmured to myself since I lost you, 'Helen was my good angel!'—say on. For my heart is dark to myself, and while you speak light seems to dawn on it."

This praise so confused Helen that she was long before she could obey the command annexed to it. But by little and little, words came to both more frankly. And then he told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can I hope, when this mighty genius labored and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice?"

"Did he pray to God?" said Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the scepticism, assumed or real, of the ill-fated aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen's question, that scepticism struck him forcibly.

"Why do you ask that, Helen?"

"Because, when we pray often, we grow so very, very patient," answered the child. "Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more, all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother, for you pray, and you will be patient."

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year—nay, perchance another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost front of his age.

"Oh, Helen!" cried Leonard, raising his brows from which the cloud had passed, "why, indeed, did you leave me?"

Helen started in her turn as he repeated this regret, and in her turn grew thoughtful. At length she asked him if he had written for the box which had belonged to her father, and been left at the inn.

And Leonard, though a little chafed at what he thought a childish interruption to themes of graver interest, owned with self-reproach that he had forgotten to do so. Should he not write now to order the box to be sent to her at Miss Starke's?

"No; let it be sent to you. Take care of it. I should like to know that something of mine is with you; and, perhaps, I may not stay here long."

"Not stay here? That you must, my dear Helen—at least as long as Miss Starke will keep you, and is kind. By-and-by (added Leonard, with something of his former sanguine tone) I may yet

make my way, and we shall have our cottage to ourselves. But—Oh, Helen!—I forgot—you wounded me; you left your money with me. I only found it in my drawers the other day. Fie!—I have brought it back.”

“It was not mine—it is yours. We were to share together—you paid all; and how can I want it here, too?”

But Leonard was obstinate; and, as Helen mournfully received back all that of fortune her father had bequeathed to her, a tall female figure stood at the entrance of the arbor, and said, in a voice that scattered all sentiment to the winds—“Young man, it is time to go.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

“ALREADY!” said Helen, with faltering accents, as she crept to Miss Starke’s side, while Leonard rose and bowed. “I am very grateful to you, madam,” said he, with the grace that comes from all refinement of idea, “for allowing me to see Miss Helen. Do not let me abuse your kindness.” Miss Starke seemed struck with his look and manner, and made a stiff half curtsy.

A form more rigid than Miss Starke’s it was hard to conceive. She was like the grim white woman in the nursery ballads. Yet, apparently, there was a good nature in allowing the stranger to enter her trim garden, and providing for him and her little charge those fruits and cakes, which

belied her aspect. “May I go with him to the gate?” whispered Helen, as Leonard had already passed up the path.

“You may, child; but do not loiter. And then come back, and lock up the cakes and cherries, or Patty will get at them.”

Helen ran after Leonard.

“Write to me, brother—write to me; and do not, do not be friends with this man, who took you to that wicked, wicked place.”

“Oh, Helen, I go from you strong enough to brave worse dangers than that,” said Leonard, almost gayly.

They kissed each other at the little wicket gate, and parted.

Leonard walked home under the summer moonlight, and, on entering his chamber, looked first at his rose-tree. The leaves of yesterday’s flowers lay strewn round it; but the tree had put forth new buds.

“Nature ever restores,” said the young man. He paused a moment, and added, “Is it that Nature is very patient?”

His sleep that night was not broken by the fearful dreams he had lately known. He rose refreshed, and went his way to his day’s work—not stealing along the less crowded paths, but, with a firm step, through the throng of men. Be bold, adventurer—thou hast more to suffer! Wilt thou sink? I look into thy heart, and I cannot answer.

From the Knickerbocker.

## THE TWO PRAYERS.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

## I.

BESTOW upon me wealth and power, ALMIGHTY GOD, I pray!  
Preserve me from Misfortune’s hour, and Poverty’s dark way;  
Upon my path let glory stream, let joy and splendor fall.  
My footsteps rove through shady grove and golden palace-hall;  
Accord to me prosperity and gayety of soul;  
My prancing chargers paw the ground, my stately chariots roll.  
Upon my walls the statue bend, the priceless painting shine,  
My ample feasts with dainties gleam, and flow the costly wine;  
The meadow broad, the vale, the wood—let these—let these be mine!

## II.

O GOD! THY HOLY SPIRIT grant, whate’er my lot may be!  
Preserve my soul from sin, and place my only hope in THEE!  
If from Misfortune’s heavy hour THY wisdom may not spare,  
Accord me courage calm to meet, and fortitude to bear;  
What though obscurity and want my painful lot decreed,  
Along the lowliest paths of life my weary steps THOU lead;  
In mercy teach me to obey, to follow, to adore,  
And let me mark THY cloud by day, at night THY fire before!

## III.

Mate me, O FATHER! with the high, the learnéd, the refined,  
Where reigns the quiet elegance that speaks the polished mind;  
And greatest there, ’mid wise and fair, in honor let me move;  
With admiration circle me, with deference and love;  
Inspire my lips with eloquence, to dazzle all who hear,  
And let the murmur of applause awake when I appear;  
Oh, grant me strength to mount untired, Ambition’s lofty height,  
And Genius crown me with her rich and everlasting light;  
Until my name, wide blown by Fame, sound ’neath the farthest sky,  
Wherever language reaches, and the white-winged vessels fly.

## IV.

Grant me, O God! humility, submission and content,  
And thoughts above this passing world, on true repentance bent;  
Teach me my ignorance, my sin, and grant a temper sweet;  
And let me, as a list’ning child, still sit at Jesus’ feet.  
Upon my brow THY angels throw a coronet divine,  
Where jewels, from another world, in mellow lustre shine;  
Truth, wisdom, patience, purity, forgiveness, fear of THEE,  
Self-sacrifice, and Christian-joy and gentle charity;  
Valor, to meet earth’s fiercest storm, unshrinking, for THY sake,  
And steady faith, not Hell itself and all its pow’rs can shake;  
And mate me with the pure and good—the pilgrims of the skies,  
For who can tell what angels walk the earth in lowly guise?

From the North British Review.

1. *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy.* By JOSEPH MAZZINI. London, 1850.
2. *Italy in 1848.* By MARIOTTI. London, 1851.
3. *Taschenbuch der Neuesten Geschichte.* Von ROBT. PRUTZ. Dessau, 1851.
4. *Germany in 1850; its Courts, Camps, and People.* By the Baroness BLAZE DE BURY. London, 1850.

PROBABLY since the fall of the Roman Empire the world has never seen a year so eventful and distracting as 1848. It seemed like a century compressed into a lustrum. Never was there a year so distinguished beyond all previous example by the magnitude and the multiplicity of its political changes—by the violence of the shock which it gave to the framework of European society—by the oscillations of opinion and success between the two great parties in the Continental struggle. Never was there a year so pregnant with instruction and with warning—so rich in all the materials of wisdom both for sovereign and for people—so crowded with wrecks and ruins, with the ruins of ancient grandeur, and the wrecks of glorious anticipations—so filled with splendid promises and paltry realizations, with hopes brilliant and fantastic as fairy-land, with disappointments dismal and bitter as the grave. Thrones, which but yesterday had seemed based upon the everlasting hills shattered in a day; sovereigns, whose wisdom had become a proverb, and sovereigns whose imbecility had been notorious, alike flying from their capitals, and abdicating without a natural murmur or a gallant struggle; rulers, who had long been the embodiment of obstinate resistance to all popular demands, vying with each other in the promptitude and the extent of their concessions; statesmen of the longest experience, the deepest insight, the acutest talent—statesmen like Metternich and Guizot—baffled, beaten, and chased away, and reaching their foreign banishment only to turn and gaze with a melancholy and bewildered air on the *écroulement* of schemes and systems of policy, the construction of which had been the labor of a lifetime; eminent men sinking into obscurity, and going out like snuff; obscure men rising at one bound into eminence and power; ambitious men finding the objects of their wildest hopes suddenly placed within their grasp; Utopian dreamers staggered and intoxicated by seeing their most gorgeous visions on the point of realization; patriots beholding the sudden and miraculous advent of that liberty which they had prayed for, fought for, suffered for, through years of imprisonment, poverty, and exile; nations, which had long pined in darkness, dazzled and bewildered by the blaze of instantaneous light; the powerful smitten with impotence; the peasant and the bondsman endowed with freedom and unresisted might; the first last and the last first;—such were the strange phenomena of that marvellous era, which took away the breath of the beholder, which the journalist was unable to keep pace with, and “which panting Time toiled after in vain.”

The year opened with apparent tranquillity. In two quarters only of Europe had there been any indications of the coming earthquake; and to both of these the eyes of all friends of freedom were turned with hopeful interest and earnest sympathy. The first dawn of a new day had arisen in a country where least of all it could have been looked for—in Rome. There, in a state long renowned

for the most corrupt, imbecile, mischievous administration of the western world, a new Pope, in the prime of life, full of respect for his sacred office, and deeply impressed with the solemn responsibilities of his high position, set himself with serious purpose and a single mind, though with limited views and inadequate capacities, to the task of cleansing those Augean stables from the accumulated filth of centuries. He commenced reform—where reform, though most rare, is always the most safe—from above; he purified the grosser parts of the old administrative system; he showed an active determination to put down all abuse, and to give his people the benefit of a really honest government; he ventured on the bold innovation, in itself a mighty boon and a strange progress, of appointing laymen to offices of state; and, finally, he convoked a representative assembly, and gave the Romans a constitution—the first they had seen since the days of Rienzi. His people were, as might have been anticipated, warmly grateful for the gifts, and enthusiastically attached to the person of their excellent Pontiff; all Europe looked on with delight; Pio Nono was the hero of the day; and everything seemed so safe, so wise, so happy, that we felt justified in hoping that a new day had really dawned upon the ancient capital of the world.

Sicily, too, had about the same time entered upon a struggle to recover some portion of her promised freedom and her stolen rights. Her wrongs had been so flagrant, so manifold, so monstrous; the despotism under which she groaned was at once so incapable, so mean, so low, so brutal; her condition was so wretched, and her capabilities so vast, that the sympathies of the world went with her in her struggle with her false and bad oppressor. All ranks of her citizens were unanimous in their resolution of resistance; even the priests, elsewhere the ready tools of tyranny, here fought on the side of the people, and blessed the arms and banners of the reformers; and, what was still more remarkable, and of more hopeful augury, all classes seemed to put mutual jealousies aside, and to be actuated by the same spirit of sincere, self-denying, self-sacrificing patriotism. Their demands were moderate but firm, and so reasonable, that the mere fact of such demands having to be made was an indelible disgrace to Naples. So far, too, their course had been singularly cautious; they had committed no blunder, they had displayed no sanguinary passion, and no violent excitement, and it was impossible not to hope everything from a contest so wisely conducted, and so unimpeachably just. At length, on the 8th of February, the Sicilians having been everywhere victorious, the preliminaries of an arrangement with the King of Naples were agreed to, on the basis of the constitution of 1812. So far all went well.

In the mean time, excited or warned by the example of the Pope, and the enthusiasm of the Romans, other Italian princes began to move in the path of improvement. The King of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, promised a constitution to their subjects, and actually took measures for carrying these promises into effect. The excitement soon reached Lombardy, popular movements took place at Milan, but were repressed by the Austrian government with ever more than wonted promptitude and severity. Hungary had for some years been making great efforts towards national improvement, and some relaxation of the old feudal privileges, as well as towards a



recovery of their old constitutional liberties; but Austria had speedily repressed all such exertions; and a long course of perfidy and oppression had at length so exasperated the Hungarians, and united all parties among them against the common enemy, that it became evident that the contest was approaching to an open rupture.

Such was the position of affairs when the French Revolution of February came like an earthquake, astounding nations, "and, with fear of change, perplexing monarchs." The events which ensued are still fresh in the memory of all men. The democratic party throughout the whole of central Europe burned to follow the example of a movement the success of which had been so signal and so prompt. The effect was electric; but not everywhere, nor altogether, wholesome. The friends of freedom felt that the time was come to assert their cause, and to claim, without fear of a refusal, the rights so long withheld; while those nations which had already taken some steps towards the attainment of free institutions, and had hitherto deemed their progress rapid and brilliant beyond their most sanguine anticipations, now began to regard it as tardy, *jog-trot*, and inadequate. They looked askance on constitutional monarchy, and began to sigh for a republic. The arrangement between the Sicilians and their sovereign, which had been all but concluded, was broken off, in consequence of an augmentation of the popular demands; while Tuscany, Sardinia, and Rome began to think their liberal rulers scarce liberal enough. At Berlin, where some tardy steps had at length been taken towards the advent of a constitutional government, the people were anxious to get on faster than the fears or the opinions of the monarch could go with them; an insurrection broke out, and a sanguinary contest of two days' duration desolated the city, and terminated in the scarcely veiled defeat of the crown. This was on the 18th of March. On the 6th, an insurrection took place at Munich, which resulted in the exaction of extensive reforms, and was shortly afterwards followed by the abdication of the king. On the 14th a revolution broke out at Vienna, which ended in the flight of Prince Metternich, and the proclamation of a representative government. On the 19th the Austrians were driven out of Milan, and a provisional government was established in Lombardy. Thus, in a month from the outbreak of the French Revolution, the whole of central Europe was revolutionized.

Such is the summary of these astounding events, the like of which were assuredly never crowded into so brief a portion of time. The popular party—the friends of free institutions and constitutional rule—everywhere aroused and everywhere triumphant, achieving, with an ease and rapidity which partook of the miraculous, the most decisive victories over the oldest, sternest, rustiest administrative systems of Europe—were everywhere followed by the sympathy, the admiration, and the prayers of all lovers of humanity, and everywhere strong with the strength which such sympathy must always give.

Where now are all those bright prospects vanished!—which of all those mighty changes have become permanent!—what has been the enduring fruit of all these brilliant victories!—where now are to be found all those fresh, young, sanguine, constitutions! With scarcely an exception, everything has fallen back into its old condition. In nearly every state the old demon of despotism has

returned, bringing with it worse devils than itself. Hungary and Hesse are crushed; Bavaria has been degraded into the brutal tool of a more brutal tyrant; the Prussian people are sullen, desponding, and disarmed, and the Prussian government sunk into a terrible abyss of degradation; Austria has a new emperor, more insolently despotic than any of his predecessors for many a long year; throughout Germany constitutional liberty has been effectually trampled out. In Italy, Venice and Lombardy have been reconquered, and are now experiencing the *ve vidis*; Tuscany is worse, because more Austrian than before, and alarmed at the peril she has incurred; the small duchies are as bad as ever—they could not be worse; the Pope, terrified out of his benevolence and his patriotism, has been restored by foreign arms, and the old ecclesiastical abominations are reinstated in their old supremacy; while Naples and Sicily are again prostrate at the feet of the most imbecile and brutal of the incurable race of Bourbons. Two short years have passed away since Europe presented to the lover of liberty and human progress the most smiling aspect she had ever worn;—and, in this brief space of time, an inexorable destiny has gathered together all the far-reaching anticipations, all the noble prospects, all the rapid conquests, all the rich achievements of that memorable era, and covered them over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet*.

Even patriots like ourselves, who stood aloof from actual participation in the strife, viewing its vicissitudes with the simple interest of spectators, and who had no personal concern in the issue, might well be disheartened at such tremendous reverses and such extreme reaction. The cup of hope was probably never filled so full, or approached so near to the lips that were not to drink it. A victory so nearly gained, and so entirely lost—success so brilliant and complete, followed by failure so disastrous and so crushing—has scarcely ever been recorded in history. But we are too firm believers in human progress to imagine that even in this case the defeat has been as total and thorough as it appears; nay, we are convinced that in the midst of apparent retrogression there has been actual advance; that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the years 1848, 1849, 1850, have not been lost to the onward march of humanity; that the cause of freedom—though often fought so ill, though stained with some excesses, though tarnished by so many follies, though overshadowed for the moment by so dark and thick a cloud—has yet on the whole gained by the struggle, and grown stronger notwithstanding its manifest defeat; and instead, therefore, of lamenting an irrevocable past, or endeavoring to allot to the various parties in the *mêlée* their respective shares in the production of the common failure, we shall do better service by attempting to extract from the confusion of events the *net results*, the residual gain of these unexampled years.

The progress of humanity is never regular. Freedom and civilization advance, externally at least, by fitful and spasmodic springs. Their march has been compared to that of the flood-tide, where every wave retires, yet the whole mass of waters moves incessantly and irresistibly onwards. But the similitude is inaccurate, inasmuch as in human progress there is no constant and steady movement, and no inevitable ebb. A more correct likeness may be found in the wave which is slowly but perpetually undermining a vast cliff, covered with buildings, and crowded with men, containing mon-

uments that have endured for ages, and results of energetic industry which look forward to ages more. Everything bears the impress of stability, every individual has the conviction of immutable security, save the few who have descended to the base of the cliff and perceived the fearful havoc wrought by the ceaseless and silent toil of their unseen destroyer. No warning sound, no partial sinking of the earth, gives timely intimation of the catastrophe which is preparing; till at length, when the work is complete, and the foundations wholly washed away, an accident, a nothing, a trivial shake, a rolling of distant thunder, gives the needed jar, and the whole structure, with its mighty edifices, its ancient bulwarks, its modern creations, its vivid, teeming, multitudinous life, is engulfed in the destroying sea.

A more exact one still is to be found in the old arithmetical puzzle of our childhood—the snail which climbed up three feet every day, and slipped down two feet every night. The year 1848 was the climbing day; 1849 and 1850 were the backsliding night. Now, in 1851, we can estimate the two together, and calculate roughly how much has on the whole been gained, how much further forward we are than we were in 1847. In our last number we spoke of France; her drama is not yet played out, and its issue and residual phenomenon no man can foresee. At present we shall confine our attention to Germany and Italy—a sad spectacle, but, closely and rightly viewed, by no means a despairing one.

The condition of these two countries when the Revolution broke out, presented some interesting points of similarity with each other, and of contrast with France and England, which it is important to notice. In all four countries there was much suffering and much discontent; but the malcontents and the sufferers belonged to different classes in society. In England and in France the lower orders were the chief malcontents; and unquestionably, especially in the latter country, they had much to complain of, and much to endure. Difficulty of obtaining subsistence, actual and severe privation in the present, and no more hopeful prospects for the future, darkened the lot and soured the temper of hundreds of thousands of the people. The more fortunate saw little before them beyond strenuous and ceaseless toil, from early morning till late evening, from precocious childhood to premature decrepitude. The less fortunate often sought toil in vain, dug for it as for hidden treasure, and found it, when obtained, uncertain and unremunerative. A class—often a very numerous class—had grown up among them, whom defective social arrangements had left without any means of subsistence, beyond habitual crime and the God-send of occasional insurrections.

Nearly all of these were more or less uneducated, with passions unsoftened by culture, and appetites sharpened by privation—excitable, undisciplined, and brutal. Such were always ready for any social or political convulsion—prompt to aid and aggravate it, certain to complicate and disgrace it. It is a fearful addition to the perplexities and horrors of a revolution when the mass of the nation are destitute and wretched. Germany and Italy were in a singular measure free from this element of confusion; and in so far their path was wonderfully clear and easy. In Germany, the orderly, industrious, and simple habits of the peasantry; the general possession of land by the rural portion of them, especially in the Prussian provinces; the

relics of the old distribution of artisans into guilds; the watchful care of the numberless bureaucratic governments to prevent the too rapid increase of this, or indeed of any class; the systematic care of Austria, especially to keep the lower classes in a state of material comfort; the habit in some states, as Bavaria, of requiring a certificate of property as a preliminary to marriage—had combined to prevent poverty, except in rare cases, from degenerating into destitution, so that there was, generally speaking, little physical distress or suffering among the mass. The diffusion of elementary education too, (such as it was, for we are no amateurs of the Continental system in such matters,) prevented the existence of such utterly savage and ignorant masses as were to be met with in France, and unhappily in England also. The same exemption from squalid misery which in Germany was due to care, system, and culture, was bestowed upon the Italians by their genial climate, their fertile soil, and their temperate and frugal habits, so that though there was often poverty—though poverty, and, as we in England should regard it, poverty of the extreme kind, was frequent, and in Rome and Naples almost universal—still, that actual want of the bread of to-day, and that anxiety for the bread of to-morrow, which make men ready for any violence or commotion, were in the greater part of Italy comparatively rare. In Tuscany and Lombardy, more especially, the utterly destitute and starving were a class quite unknown.

In both countries, therefore, the discontented and aspiring class—the makers of revolutions, were the educated and the well-to-do; men whose moral, not whose material, wants were starved and denied by the existing system; men of the middle ranks, who found their free action impeded at every step, whose noblest instincts were relentlessly crushed, whose intellectual cravings were famished by the censorship, and whose hungry and avid minds were compelled daily to sit down to a meal of miserable and unrelished pottage; men of the upper classes, whose ambition was cramped into the pettiest sphere, and forced into the narrowest channels, to whom every career worthy of their energies and their patriotism was despotically closed, who were compelled to waste their life and fritter away their powers in the insipid pleasures of a spiritless society, in metaphysical speculation, or antiquarian research. Hence, with all its faults, the revolution in Germany and in Italy had a far nobler origin, and a loftier character than that of France; it was the revolt not of starved stomachs, but of famished souls; it was the protest of human beings against a tyranny by which the noblest attributes of humanity were affronted and suppressed; it was the recoil from a listless and unsatisfying life by men who felt that they were made for, and competent to, a worthier existence; it was a rebellion of hearts who loved their country, against a system by which that country was dishonoured, and its development impeded; it was not the work of passionate, personal, and party aims, but of men who, however wild their enthusiasm, however deplorable their blunders, still set before them a lofty purpose, and worshipped a high ideal.

The *mouvement* party (to borrow an expressive phrase from the French) is composed in different countries of characteristically different materials. The busy ex-parliamentary reformers; the radicals, who take one grievance or anomaly after another, and agitate and grumble till they have procured its abolition; who have either originated or been the means of carrying each successive

measure of reform, are with us almost exclusively composed of the active and practical men of the middle classes—merchants and manufacturers, educated enough to be able to comprehend the whole bearings of the case, but distrusting theory, eschewing abstractions, and too well trained in the actual business of life to be in much danger from disproportionate enthusiasm; shopkeepers and tradesmen, not perhaps masters of the political importance or full scope of the question at issue, but quick to detect its bearing on their personal interests, bringing to its examination a strong, if a somewhat narrow, common sense, observing a due proportion between their means and their ends, and never, in the heat of contest, losing sight of the main chance;—these constitute the centre and the leaders of the movement party in England, and have imparted to all our innovations that character for distinctness of purpose, sobriety of aim, and practicality of result, which has always marked them.—In France the *mouvement* party has been composed of the politicians by profession or by taste; of the amateurs and adventurers of public life; of journalists, who had each their pet crotchet and their special watchword, and who attained in that country a degree of personal influence which is without parallel elsewhere; of men to whom the Republic was a passion; of men to whom it was a dream; of men to whom it opened a vista rich in visions of pillage and of pleasure. It was a vast heterogeneous congeries of all the impatient suffering, of all the fermenting discontent, of all the unchained and disreputable passions, of all the low, and of all the lofty ambition of the community.—In Germany, again, the *mouvement* party was composed, in overwhelming proportion, of the *Burschenschaft*—of students and professors, of young dreamers and their dreaming guides—men qualified beyond all others to conceive and describe a glorious Utopia, but disqualified beyond all others to embody it in actual life. It is curious to observe how everywhere throughout the German revolutions, the collegians were prominent. The students led the struggle at Berlin; the Academic Legion was for some time the ruling body at Vienna; the Frankfort Assembly was, as *The Times* truly characterized it, “an anarchy of professors.” We do not mean to say, that the revolutionary movement was not joined and sympathized with by numbers in all ranks and classes—though it is important to observe, that, from the peculiar system of educational training in Germany, all these had gone through the same discipline, and been subject to the same influences; but the tone of the movement was given, its course directed, and its limit decided, by learned men, whom a life of university seclusion and theoretic studies had precluded from the possession of all practical experience, and by young men fresh from the scenes and the heroes of classic times, and glowing with that wild enthusiasm, that passionate but unchastened patriotism, those visions of an earthly Eden and a golden age, and that unreasoning devotion to everything that bears the name or usurps the semblance of liberty, which at their age it would be grievous *not* to find. Finally, in Italy, the leaders of the new Reformation were men of as pure and lofty an enthusiasm, but of far finer capacities, and of a sterner and firmer make of mind, but equally untrained in political administration, and with a task beyond their means:—men, not indeed finished statesmen or accurate philosophers, because debarred from that *education of action* which alone can complete the training of the statesman

and test the principles of the thinker—but of the materials out of which the noblest statesmen and the profoundest philosophers are made;—many of them

Of the canvass which men use

To make storm stay-sails;

many of them exhibiting powers for government and war which need only a fairer field to obtain their full appreciation.

It is natural that political changes emanating from bodies so variously constituted as these should be widely different in their nature and objects, and be crowned with very various degrees of success. In Italy and Germany the patriots had one almost insuperable difficulty to contend with. In both countries the fatal system of bureaucracy had paralyzed the energies and dwarfed the political capacities of the people. In Germany they had been ruled like children—in Italy like victims or like vanquished slaves. But in both countries the whole province of administration, even in its lowest branches, had been confided to a separate class set apart and trained to that profession, and directed and controlled from head-quarters. The people could do nothing except by official permission and under official supervision; long disuse produced inevitable disqualification; long inaction inevitable incapacity;—till, when the crisis arrived, it appeared that the old established functionaries were the only men capable of practical action. When the power was suddenly thrown into the hands of the inexperienced classes, none could be found among them—in Germany at least—competent to use it. In the south of Italy the old functionaries had always been so abominably bad, that even the most incompetent and fresh of the new aspirants could not possibly make worse administrators. But in Germany the fact was as unquestionable as humiliating; and one of the most important lessons inculcated by the time was the utter inadequacy of the best contrived system of national or college education for supplying political training. The lower portion of the middle classes in Germany receive a far more complete and careful education in literary and scientific matters than the same portion with us; and in the instruction of the working-classes there is (or was lately) no comparison; yet our municipal councils, our vestry meetings, our boards of guardians, our numberless voluntary associations, form normal schools for statesmen and administrators to which the continent presents no analogies, and for which unhappily it can furnish no substitutes, and the want of which was most deeply felt in 1848. It may be safely conceded to the advocates of bureaucracy and centralization in this country, that we pay dearly for our love of self-government in daily extravagance and incessant blunders; but it must also be allowed, after recent events, that the costly experience and capacity thus acquired is cheap at any price.

In speaking, however, thus severely, of the incapacity displayed by the Germans for the construction and management of constitutional forms of government, we are bound to particularize one remarkable exception—an exception so signal and instructive as to inspire the most sanguine hopes for the success of the Germans in this new career, when the next opportunity shall be afforded them of showing how far they have profited by the experience of the past. We allude to the small state of Hesse-Cassel, whose admirable struggle

and sad catastrophe well deserve a brief digression. In general, we are too well aware, our countrymen take little interest in the internal concerns of foreign states; but the case of Hesse is so peculiar, so scandalous, and presents so many analogies with the most important and glorious struggles in our own history, that it will need only a short statement of what her constitution was, how it has been crushed, and how it has been defended, to excite in English bosoms the warmest admiration for the unfortunate vanquished, and the sincerest admiration for their firmness, forbearance, noble disinterestedness, and unswerving reverence for law.

The constitution of Hesse-Cassel was granted on the 5th of January, 1831, by the father of the present elector. Its date shows its origin. The French Revolution of 1830 had awakened in the mind of Frederick William some fears for the stability of his own throne, and he proffered his subjects a free constitution. The terms were soon agreed upon; and, considering the period of excitement in which they originated, they are strangely moderate and fair, and show, on the part of the Hessians, a far more real conception of the essence and the guarantees of freedom than is common among continental nations. [We omit the sketch of the constitution.]

To this constitution the Hessian representatives, the civil and military functionaries, and the elector himself, solemnly swore allegiance. So sensible, so moderate, so little democratic was it, although framed at a time when most extravagant ideas of freedom were fermenting throughout Europe—so scrupulously did it confine itself to those two essential provisions without which all political freedom is a mockery, (viz., establishing the supremacy of law, and securing to the representatives of the people the sole power of taxation,) that it caused considerable disappointment to the extreme party. Moderate as it was, however, the ink was scarcely dry with which the elector had signed his name to it, before he began a series of covert stratagems to undermine the liberties which he had sworn to maintain inviolate; and, with the help of the same Hasenflug, who has since earned such an unenviable notoriety as prime minister in one country, and as prisoner, on a charge of forgery, in another—he had nearly succeeded in reducing the constitution to a mere name, when the revolution of February broke out in Paris, and frightened him back into decency and law. As cowardly as he was false, he immediately issued a proclamation announcing his intention to govern in future in a really legal and popular spirit, and gave a ready sanction to a number of salutary reforms. The result was that Hesse-Cassel remained perfectly tranquil during the revolutionary furor which deluged and desolated the rest of Germany in 1848 and 1849; and, with a forbearance and magnanimity which has met with a black requital, the people refrained from availing themselves of the power, which that season of excitement put into their hands, to extort from their perfidious prince any additional securities, or more extended rights.

But the elector was not a man to whom forbearance could be safely shown. He belonged to that class of sovereigns who have been described as "the opprobria of the southern thrones of Europe—men false alike to the accomplices who have served them, and the opponents who have spared them—men who, in the hour of danger, concede everything, promise everything, turn their

cheek to every smiter, give up to vengeance every minister of their iniquities, and await, with meek and smiling implacability, the blessed day of perjury and proscription." As soon as the prevalence of the reactionary spirit of 1850 made it safe, Hasenflug (who had been obliged to retire in 1837) reappeared in the council-chamber, detested from old recollections, and loaded with recent infamy. He returned with the express mission of trampling down the constitution, and lost no time in setting about his task. In direct violation of clause 144, he demanded a vote of money from the Chamber, but proposed no budget, and insolently refused all explanation of the purposes to which the money was to be applied. The Chamber did its duty, and refused the vote. Hasenflug then dissolved the Chamber, and, in violation of clause 146, issued a decree ordering payment of the unvoted taxes. The Supreme Court of Appeal pronounced the decree illegal. The people, confident in the sense and patriotism of the civil authorities, remained stubbornly and provokingly tranquil, notwithstanding many sinister attempts to goad them into some uproar which might serve as a pretext for more violent proceedings. The elector, however, issued a proclamation, placing the whole country under martial law, and directing the press to be silenced, and the taxes to be levied by force. The Supreme Court of Appeal immediately issued a counter proclamation, pronouncing all these transactions unconstitutional and illegal, and impeaching the general officer (Bauer) who had accepted the office of carrying them out. General Bauer resigned, and the elector and his minister fled, baffled, dishonored, and derided.

From his place of refuge the elector appointed a new commander-in-chief, General Haynau, with unlimited powers. It now became necessary for the Hessian army to decide upon their course. They had to decide between their country and their oath on the one side, and their habits of military obedience on the other. The officers consulted together, and then waited on the general, and informed him that he might depend upon them only so far as was consistent with the oath they had been required to give to uphold the constitution intact. He gave them the choice between obedience or throwing up their commissions. They chose the latter alternative almost to a man. He then took the step, quite without a precedent in Germany, of offering commands to the non-commissioned officers. They unanimously refused to accept them. The army was thus paralyzed, the press was silenced, the journals seized, the courts suspended, but the people remained resolute and passive; they simply did nothing, and by this attitude embarrassed the elector far more than the most active resistance could have done. The taxes were still uncollected, for the financial *employés*, pointing to clause 146, refused to collect any which had not been legally imposed. The elector was baffled by the pure inability to find among his own subjects a sufficient number of agents, either civil or military, base and unpatriotic enough to carry out his nefarious designs. With the exception of a few among the upper classes, the resistance and the virtue were strictly *national*.

Under these circumstances he applied to Austria for assistance to reduce his subjects to obedience; and the emperor, too happy to have an opportunity of interference, marched a body of Austrian and Bavarian troops into Hesse, and took a military possession of the electorate. Prussia,



as usual, blustered, threatened, and gave way, leaving the unhappy Hessians to the tender mercies of an ill-disciplined and hostile soldiery.

These troops—the army of execution, as they were called—have entirely eaten up the resources of the electorate. They were billeted on the refractory *employés*, till they either resigned or gave in their adherence to the illegal decrees of the elector. Few have been found to do the latter. Judges of the Supreme Court had fifteen to twenty Bavarian brutes quartered on their families, with a threat of an additional number each day, if they would not resign their functions to more compliant successors. The members of the Town Council, in addition to this, were menaced with a court-martial and corporal punishment, if they would not declare (which as men of conscience it is impossible they could) that the decree of martial law was in accordance with the constitution. Individuals of every class, rich and poor, were oppressed and extortionized in the same brutal manner, and daily subjected to all the indignities which could be offered to them by a coarse and savage soldiery, whose express duty was to make them as miserable as they could, for the sake of more promptly reducing them to submission.

Such is a brief outline of the Hessian tragedy:—such is the deliberate abolition by foreign force of a constitution like our own:—such the treatment of a people who have shown that they knew how both to value and to use their rights, and whose conduct will lose nothing by a comparison with that of the constitutional heroes of our own country—the goodly fellowship of our political reformers—the noble army of our civil martyrs. Its consequences will probably be far wider and more serious than might, at first sight, seem likely to ensue from a mere piece of cruel tyranny on the part of a petty sovereign of central Europe. There exists an element of revolutionary disturbance in Germany which deserves far more attention than it has hitherto received, which is fraught with menace not only to the present order of things, but to monarchy *per se*—a source of strength to the people, and of weakness and danger to the princes, and which no mere political reaction, no mere military oppression, can put down. The Germans are, on the whole, especially the middle classes, a sincere, loyal, virtuous, and reverential people. They are attached to all the homely and substantial excellencies of character. They love truth and honesty; they value the decorums and respectabilities of life; and they are naturally disposed to respect, even to enthusiasm, the authority of rank and grandeur. But this disposition and habit of reverence has of late been rudely shaken, and is now entirely rooted out. As they look round upon their princes and rulers, they can find but few who are worthy of respect, either for capacity, truthfulness, or propriety of private character. Many of those who are placed in hereditary authority over them, are persons whom no man of sense could converse with without despising—whom no honest man could trust in the common transactions of life—whom no man of correct morals would willingly admit into his family. The secret—sometimes the notorious—history of many of their courts for the last forty years has been a tissue of oppression, duplicity, and profligacy. Putting aside the King of Hanover—of whom, wishing to say no evil, we shall of necessity say nothing at all—and the Kings of Prussia, the late as well as the present, whose per-

fidious conduct can find its only excuse in the supposition of impaired capacities—the present virtual rulers of Austria, Prince Schwartzberg and the Archduchess Sophia, are persons whose private character will bear no examination, and whose scandalous chronicle is well known upon the Continent;—the old King of Bavaria made himself the disgrace and ridicule of Europe, by his open and vagabond amours;—while the Elector of Hesse Cassel is a man whose profligacy has set at naught all the bounds of secrecy and decorum, and whose personal honor is stained, in addition, with proceedings worthy only of a low-lived sharper. Yet this is the very prince for whose pleasure a noble and high-spirited people have been subjected to military outrage, to restore whose despotic authority a free constitution like that of England has been violated and annulled; and Austria and Bavaria, sharers in his impurities, have been the chosen and willing instruments in this high-handed oppression. We cannot wonder that all this has spread an anti-regal spirit in Germany, which will one day—probably an early day—bring bitter fruits; and when we remember that it has needed all the honest benevolence of William IV., and all the spotless purity and domestic virtues of Victoria, to enable the loyalty of Englishmen to recover from the shock it received from the contrasted conduct of their predecessors, we may form some conception of the state of feeling among a people like the Germans, who, wherever they turn their eyes, can see nothing above them to love, reverence, or trust. “Spiritual wickedness in high places” has dissipated the *prestige* which should “hedge in” greatness, and hal-low rank and rule; there is growing up among them a deep-rooted conviction that the royal races are incurably bad, untrustworthy, and incapable; and in the very next period of disturbance or political enthusiasm like 1848, the consequences of this conviction will be too plainly seen.

Another sad and dangerous opinion which the transactions in Hesse have impressed upon the German mind is this:—that no moderation in a free constitution, and no forbearance or strict adherence to law and written contract on the part of those who enjoy it, will be any guarantee of safety, or any protection against the enmity of those courts to whom any degree or form of liberty is an eyesore, an abhorrence, and a reproach. The destruction of the Hessian constitution is a declaration of war against freedom in the abstract. The reaction in many states against the democratic proceedings in 1848 has some excuse, and met with some sympathy, even from the liberal European states, because the popular party had neither used their victory with wisdom, nor confined it within the bounds of moderation: but the violation and forcible suppression of the Hessian constitution, which had no fault except that it was free, and which contained no more freedom than was necessary to make its provisions a reality and not a mockery, and the tyrannical treatment of the Hessian people, who had committed no definable offence, and had been guilty of no disturbance which could afford even a pretext for the use of force against them, have proclaimed too clearly the code and creed of the despotic princes of Germany, and the principles on which their course will henceforth be guided—viz., that no semblance of a free constitution shall raise its head within the limits of their influence—that the object of their dread is not popular excess but popular rights—that it is not radicalism or re-

publicanism against which they wage implacable and interminable war, but liberty *as such*, liberty in the most moderate degree, liberty in the most unobjectionable form. A more perilous, demoralizing, revolutionary lesson could not have been taught to the German people, nor one which, when the day of opportunity arrives, will recoil with more fearful retribution on the heads of its foolish and fanatical propounders.

After this account of the destruction of the only really free constitution which Germany could boast of previously to 1848, it may seem paradoxical to say that we are deliberately of opinion that the cause of liberty and progress has on the whole been a gainer by the events of that year, in spite of the extensive and general subsequent reaction. The superficialities of European society speaks only of retrogression; but a somewhat deeper and more careful glance will discover many indications which point to a very different conclusion. A few of the more prominent of these we shall endeavor concisely to enumerate.

1. The gain in freedom has been immense—and such as can be cancelled by no subsequent contradictory occurrences—in the discovery of the first fact which the spring of 1848 proclaimed so emphatically to the world, of the utter hollowness of the apparently solid and imposing structure of European policy, of the internal rottenness of what had looked to the common eye so stable and so sound, of the intrinsic weakness of what had seemed externally so strong. To a few observers, indeed, keener and profounder than the rest, to a few statesmen like Metternich,\*—whose long experience, vigilant sagacity, and native instinct, enabled them to pierce below the surface of society, and discern all that was feeble in its seeming strength, all that was unreal in its superficial prosperity, all that

\* The profound sagacity of this remarkable man was never more shown than in the accuracy with which he read the signs of the times in the last few years which preceded his downfall. With the gallant resolution of a man of distinct and unshaken purpose, he had conscientiously adhered through life to the principles and ideas of a past age; and our conviction of the entire erroneousness of his aims cannot blind us either to his admirable consistency, his dignified firmness, or his lofty powers. He was a statesman of the order of Richelieu; he knew exactly what he wanted, what he deemed best for his country, and how best to obtain it. But he was at variance with the spirit of the age, and lived a century too late. Still he struggled on. For a long while he trusted that the deluge of democracy which he foresaw could be stayed during his lifetime. But latterly even this hope had deserted him. In the autumn of 1848, we have the following account of his feelings from the pen of M. von Usedom, a Prussian diplomatist:—

“From my personal knowledge I can testify, that he foresaw, with absolute certainty, the great shipwreck of last spring, (1848.) He spoke to me much at length of the political ruin which threatened to fall on Europe soon, perhaps very soon, and of the even deeper growth and wider range of Radical and Communistic ideas, against which means of repression had proved ineffectual. I could not at that time believe that things had gone so far; but rather thought that the age would take counsel from these events, and learn prudence from the failure of such a policy. ‘I am no prophet,’ said the prince, ‘and I know not what will happen; but I am an old practitioner, and I know how to discriminate between curable and fatal diseases. This one is fatal; here we hold as long as we can, but I despair of the issue.’” Mazzini gives, in his work, some curious extracts from Metternich’s diplomatic correspondence, showing how much more truly he read the course of events than the generality of politicians, of whatever section.

was boiling beneath its smooth tranquillity—a suspicion of the truth may have presented itself. But the astounding facility with which revolution after revolution was effected; the feeble pusillanimity with which monarch after monarch succumbed without a struggle or a stroke; the crash with which throne after throne went down at the first menace of assault, like the walls of Jericho before the mere blast of hostile trumpets; the instantaneousness with which institutions of the oldest date crumbled away at the first touch of the popular arm—betrayed at once to the rulers the secret of their weakness, and to the people the secret of their strength, and inculcated a pregnant lesson which will not be forgotten by either party. Paris, Berlin, Venice, Lombardy, Munich, Turin, Florence, Naples, and Rome—all revolutionized within a month, and all by independent and internal movements, without concert and without coöperation—showed how ripe for revolt every country must have been, and how ludicrously feeble must have been the power which had been feared so long. The moral influence of such events can never be got over or forgotten; the *prestige* of power is gone; some leaves fall off every time the tree is shaken; and authority, once so rudely handled and so easily overthrown, can never resume its former hold upon the mind. Those who have learned how impotent before the fury of an aroused people are all the weapons and array of despotism, will never dread that despotism as they did before; and those who have felt

The might that slumbers in a peasant’s arm,

will live in perpetual fear lest it should be again awakened. For a while the wrath of terror may excite monarchs to make a savage use of their recovered power, but this will only be for a time; they have learned the resistless force of their subjects, when once put forth, too recently, not to make them timid and cautious in again arousing it. They know now that they hold their power only on the tenure of a people’s forbearance, and that that forbearance will give way if strained too far. On the other hand, the people who have once, by one great single effort of volition, brought their rulers to their feet, and seen how human, how feeble, how pusillanimous they were, will, in oppression and defeat, remember the events of 1848 as the proof of their own inherent strength, and the earnest of a future day of more signal and enduring triumph.

2. Again: when it came to actual war, in two cases at least, the people proved stronger than their masters. It became evident either that disciplined armies were not altogether to be relied upon, or that there was something in national determination which even disciplined armies could not make head against. In Hungary and in Rome the cause of freedom showed itself mightier and more stubborn in arms than the cause of despotism. In Hungary, notwithstanding all the difficulties arising from divided nationalities, and the crippling errors of the only just abolished feudalism, the people made head against the whole force of Austria, gained ground month by month, and were morally certain of a complete and final victory, when the aid of Russia was called in, and, in an evil hour for Europe, granted and permitted. Even then the result was doubtful, till aided by internal treachery. That is, it required the combined efforts of the two great empires of Russia and Austria to conquer the Hungarian people. Hungary, single-handed, was more than a match for the whole Austrian Empire

single-handed. If the prompt and vigorous interference of England, France, and Prussia had forbidden, as it easily might have done, the intervention of Russia, how different now would the whole aspect of Europe have been! The whole subsequent oppressions and insolencies of the Viennese court would have been prevented. With Hungary triumphant and independent, Austria could not have bullied Prussia, could not have trampled on the constitution of Hesse, could not have conquered Venice, could not have retained even though she had recovered Lombardy, could not have given France even the paltry and miserable pretext for that attack on Rome which has covered both her arms and her diplomacy with indelible infamy. The permission of the interference of Russia was the one glaring mistake of the time—the *teterrima causa* of the subsequent reaction, and the present prostration of continental liberty. Why it was permitted by the three great powers, is a question which we fear admits, in the case of two of them at least, of no reputable answer. It is alleged that England's repeated interventions in favor of the constitutional cause in Spain and Portugal deprived her of any just claim to protest against a corresponding intervention by an absolute monarch in favor of absolutism in the case of an allied power. But France could be withheld by no such consideration, and her sympathy and her interest lay in the same direction, viz., in crippling the power of Austrian despotism. Prussia by herself could do little; and whatever were the sentiments of the Prussian nation, the Prussian court was never itself desirous of the triumph of liberty in any quarter.

In Lombardy, the cause of independence was lost from causes which had no relation to its intrinsic strength. There can, we think, be little doubt that the people who, by no sudden surprise, but by five days' hard and sustained fighting, had driven the ablest warrior and the picked soldiers of Austria out of Milan and to the borders of the Alps, would, if left to themselves, have completed their victory and made good their ground. But it is impossible to read Mazzini's and Mariotti's account of the war, without admitting that the cause never had fair play from the beginning. Charles Albert joined the Lombards from pure dread of a republic so near him being followed by a republic in his own territories; he fought, therefore, gallantly and well, but he fought for his personal ambition, and to prevent the Lombard republicans from fighting, and his great anxiety throughout was to gain the campaign without their aid. The republicans, on the other hand, mistrusted the king, and were little disposed to shed their blood for the aggrandizement of a dynasty which they had little reason to respect or love; and thus the real cause of Italian independence was compromised and paralyzed at the very outset by mutual and well-grounded mistrust.\* Still enough remains, and enough was done, to show what might have been done, what may be done again, if either the monarchical party would abstain from encumbering the republicans with aid, or if a monarch would arise whom even the republicans would fight for, and could trust. Enough was done to show how simple the condition, and

\* One of the most melancholy features of Mazzini's book is the rooted mistrust, and even hatred, he displays towards the moderate party, whose sincerity and capacity he seems entirely unable to admit. It is an ill omen for the Italian cause when a man like Mazzini is unable to appreciate a man like Azeglio.

how practicable the combinations by which the battle may be won.

In Rome, too, when the people and their sovereign were pitted singly against each other, the victory was not a moment doubtful. The Pope was powerless—the people were omnipotent; and this, though they, a Catholic and superstitious people, had to fight against spiritual terrors as well as temporal arms. The Pope fled, and was not missed. His return was, indeed, formally asked for; but a republic was organized without him, and, for the first time, the Romans had a glimpse of what good government might be. It was reserved for a foreign, a friendly, and a republican government again to interfere, and deprive a people of the opportunity of showing how well they could use, and how well they had deserved, their freedom. France, which had just chased away her own sovereign, which had just established her own republic, which had just proclaimed the inalienable right of every nation to choose its own rulers, and work out its own emancipation—France was not ashamed to interfere to crush a sister democracy, on the most flimsy, transparent, and inadequate pretext ever urged to palliate a flagrant crime. France, noted throughout the world as the least religious nation in Christendom, was not ashamed to be made the instrument of replacing on the necks of a free people the yoke of the most corrupt priesthood and the narrowest creed that Christendom ever saw. France, with her 40,000,000 of people and her army of 500,000 men, was not ashamed to attack a state only just emerged from slavery, and a city garrisoned only by a few thousand untrained and inexperienced soldiers, and *was kept at bay for weeks*. The nineteenth century has recorded no blacker deed within its annals! The recording angel of the French nation, in all her stained and chequered history, has chronicled nothing worse!

Hungary and Rome, then, had cast off the yoke by their own unaided efforts; and their masters, by their own unaided efforts, were powerless to replace it. If the revolutionary years had brought to light no other fact, this alone would have been worth all their turmoil and their bloodshed. The sovereigns of these people at least reign only by the intervention of foreign mercenaries. The Pope is a French proconsul; and the Emperor of Austria is a vassal who does homage for his territories to the Czar of Russia. The people are no longer slaves to their own rulers, whom they had conquered and expelled. They are simply prisoners of war to a foreign potentate.

3. It is impossible that so many experiments should have been tried, and so many mistakes made, so many failures incurred, so many catastrophes brought about, without leaving much sad but salutary wisdom behind them. Those who were concerned as actors in the events of 1848, and those who regarded them merely as spectators, will, by subsequent reflection, be able to elicit from them much guidance for the future. It was the first time that the popular party, in Germany at least, went fairly and *practically* to school. It was their first attempt in organization and administration, and its lessons cannot have been altogether lost. It may at least be hoped that the *same* mistakes will not be made in future, that in their next voyage they will avoid shipwreck on the same rocks. It would lead us into too protracted a digression were we to attempt a specification of their errors and their faults; two only of the prin-

eipal ones we can briefly indicate. In the first place, the want of definite purpose and of moderate boundary, which generally distinguishes popular movements, was early and almost universally apparent. The patriots seldom knew exactly what they wanted, and seldom still, knew exactly where to stop. Up to the month of May, success and sympathy had everywhere gone with the insurgents. But about that time it began to be painfully manifest how defective was their wisdom; how imperfect their conception of their cause and their position; how ignoble and impure were often the motives which actuated their leaders; and how completely the sober, the moderate, and the honest were everywhere outbid by the selfish, the ignorant, and the violent—by men whose ambition was restrained by no principle, and whose measures were guided by no reflection—the demagogue by nature, the rebel by temperament, the malcontent by misery, the *émeutier* by profession. One blunder was followed by another, still more serious and criminal; one leader was cashiered, to be replaced by another of a deeper color and a lower stamp; checks and reverses succeeded one another, but seemed to inspire only desperation—not wisdom, nor repentance and retraction; till throughout Europe the constitutional cause seemed not so much defeated as dishonored, betrayed and thrown away.

In every country the friends of movement committed precisely the same series of blunders. They had not yet learned the lesson now taught them, we trust, alike by the successes and the failures of that memorable year—that concessions wrung from sovereigns form the surest basis of a nation's freedom—that it is only by making the most of these, by consolidating and using them, not by pushing them to excess, that constitutional liberty is secured; and that to push victory so far as to drive away the sovereign, is, in nine cases out of ten, to resign themselves, bound hand and foot, to the dictation of the mob. They became excited instead of being contented with the vast concessions they had won;—

*Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendi,*

they grasped at more, in place of employing and securing what they had. They showed by their attitude, their proposals, and their language, that they were neither intellectually nor morally *masters of their position*; that they were not educated up to the requirements of their new station; their minds could not rise to a full comprehension of its duties, nor their consciences to a clear comprehension of its responsibilities; they alarmed where they should have soothed, disgusted where they should have conciliated, (and, alas! conciliated and temporized where they should have repressed,) dared where they should have shrunk, and, “like fawns, rushed in where angels fear to tread.” They did not understand the business, nature, and limits of constitutional freedom. They committed the fatal error—in their position so difficult to avoid—of tolerating and encouraging even, rather than suppressing, popular turbulence and mob-dictation—of relaxing the arm of the law at the very moment when its strength and its sternness required to be most plainly felt. By these errors and deficiencies they signed the death-warrant of their own ascendancy, by convincing the wise and patriotic that liberty was not safe with them; the proprietary body that property was not safe with

them; the commercial classes that credit was not safe with them.

In the spring of 1848 there were at least five constituted representative assemblies, sitting in their respective countries, as democratic in their composition as could well be desired—at Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna, and Naples. Of the last we shall say nothing, because it had little real action, and we know little of the elements which composed it; but the others were elected by universal suffrage, or nearly so, and presented as motley and miscellaneous an assemblage as could be imagined. Every rank, every class, every passion, every prejudice, every desire, every degree of knowledge and of ignorance, was there faithfully mirrored. Exclusiveness was the only thing excluded. Two of the German assemblies comprised, we believe, upwards of sixty *bonâ fide* peasants each. Here, surely, if ever, was the means presented of trying advantageously the great experiment of a popular yet constitutional rule. Yet in every case the experiment failed, and in every case from the same error. These popular assemblies all lost themselves and discredited their cause by the same grand mistake, of stepping beyond their appropriate and allotted province, and usurping functions that did not belong to them. Nowhere do they seem to have understood with any precision the nature of their duties, or the limits of their powers. Where they were *constituent* assemblies, they encroached on the province of permanent legislation; where they were *legislative* bodies, they endeavored to assume the functions of the executive. Their whole history was one pertinacious effort to concentrate in their own hands all the powers of the state; and in the course of their attacks on the executive, (though we are far from saying that they were always indefensible or without valid grounds for mistrust,) they contrived, by demands which no rulers with the least comprehension of, or respect for, their own position could dream of conceding, to put themselves so completely in the wrong that public sympathy had deserted them long before their fall.

The second mistake, to which we have referred as committed by the friends of freedom in 1848, was the mixing up of two objects, wholly distinct in themselves, and of which the desirableness was by no means equally clear—constitutional rights and national unity. Both in Italy and Germany, instead of concentrating their efforts on the attainment of free institutions for each separate state, they complicated their cause, and distracted and weakened their party, by raising the standard of freedom and that of unity at the same time. Each object was gigantic in itself; the two together were nearly hopeless. Representative assemblies, a free press, an open administration of justice, were boons which every one could appreciate, and which every one was willing to fight for. The creation of one great state out of the various nationalities of Italy and Germany, respectively, was a dream of enthusiastic theorists, and, however important or beneficial it might ultimately have proved, it was not universally desired, and it was surrounded with difficulties which, if not insuperable, demanded at least a peaceful era and a patient incubation for their solution. Many states were by no means willing to merge their distinct individualities for the very questionable equivalent of forming inadequate or inappreciable portions of one unwieldy nationality. How could reasonable men hope that the mutual jealousies, differences, respective



claims of Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, on the one side, or of Naples, Rome, Florence, Piedmont, and Lombardy, on the other, could be harmonized and reconciled by a constitution struck out at a heat? Moreover, it might well be doubted whether the fusion of so many states into one great and powerful empire, however desirable as an object of European policy, would contribute to the well-being of the constituent elements. Hear what Goethe says on this point :—

I am not uneasy about the unity of Germany ; our good high-roads and future railroads will do their part. But, above all, may Germany be one in love, one against the foreign foe. May it be one, so that dollars and groschen may be of equal value through the whole empire ; so that my travelling chest may pass unopened through all the six-and-thirty states. May it be one in passports, in weight and measure, in trade and commerce, and a hundred similar things which might be named. But, if we imagine that the unity of Germany should consist in this, that this very great empire should have a single capital, and that this one great capital would conduce to the development of individual talent, or to the welfare of the mass of the people, we are in error.

A state has justly been compared to a living body, with many limbs ; and the capital of the state may be compared to the heart, from which life and prosperity flow to the individual members near or far. But, if the members be very distant from the heart the life that flows to them will become weaker and weaker. Whence is Germany great, but by the admirable culture of the people, which equally pervades all parts of the kingdom? But does not this proceed from the various seats of government? and do not these foster and support it? Suppose we had had, for centuries past, in Germany, only the two capitals, Berlin and Vienna, or only one of these, how would it have fared with German culture? or even with that generally diffused opulence which goes hand in hand with culture? Germany has about twenty universities, distributed about the whole empire, and about a hundred public libraries, similarly spread. How does France stand with regard to such?

And now, think of such cities as Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, Cassel, Weimar, Hanover, and the like ; think of the great elements of life comprised within these cities ; think of the effect which they have upon the neighboring provinces—and ask yourself if all this would have been so if they had not for a long time been the residence of princes. Frankfurt, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck, are great and brilliant ; their effect upon the prosperity of Germany is incalculable. But would they remain what they are if they lost their own sovereignty, and became incorporated with a great German kingdom as provincial towns?\*

The great axiom of political wisdom which we trust the friends of liberty and progress will have learned from the events of 1848 is this, that constitutional freedom must be gained by degrees, not by one desperate and sudden snatch. People must be content to conquer their political and civil rights step by step, as not only the easiest and surest, but in the end the speediest way. Their true and safe policy is to accept and make the most of all concessions which either a sense of danger or a sense of justice may dictate to their rulers ; to remember that these, small though they may seem to one party, probably seem great to the other, and may have cost harder efforts of self-sacrifice than we can well appreciate—and that, at all events, they are much as compared with the past ; to use them diligently but soberly, as not abusing them ; to grow

familiar with them ; to become masters of them ; to acquire, by constant practice, dexterity in the use of them ; to consolidate and secure the possession of them ; and then to employ them gradually, and as opportunity shall serve, as the stepping-stone to more ; but never, save in the last extremity, to supersede the executive authority, or to call in the mob. Any attempt on the part of the people to snatch, in the hour of victory, more than they know how to wield, more than they can use well, is a retrograde and fatally false step ; it is in fact playing the game of their opponents. If they employ their newly acquired rights and institutions in such a manner as to show that they do not understand them and cannot manage them, and that, therefore, public tranquillity and social security are likely to be endangered by the mistakes of their excitement and inexperience, the great body of sober and peaceful citizens are quick to take alarm, and carry back the material and moral weight of their sympathies to the side of the old system. Their *feeling*, when expressed in the articulate language of principle, is simply this—and it is just and true :—all wise and educated people will prefer a free to a despotic government, *ceteris paribus*, i. e., *order and security being predicated in both cases* ; but the worst theoretical government which assures these essential predicates, will be, and ought to be, preferred to the best theoretical government which endangers them. The majority of the sober and influential classes will always be found on the side of that party which best understands the *practical act of administration*, however defective or erroneous may be its fundamental principles, however mediæval may be its name. If the year 1848 has taught this truth to the movement party, the cause of rational freedom will have gained incalculably by its first disasters.

4. It is not to be denied that the character of the Italians stands far higher in the eyes of Europe than it did before 1848. The various nations of the Peninsula came out of that fierce ordeal with a reputation for bravery, for sustained enthusiasm, for pure devoted patriotism, for capacity of self-government, such as they never before enjoyed. Their conduct in 1848 was of a nature to redeem all their previous failures and miserable exhibitions. It is true that the Lombards, whatever be the true explanation of their supineness, did nothing to fulfil the promise of their first brilliant exploit. It is true that the Sicilians, by a strange fatality of mismanagement, lost all the liberty for which they had fought so ably and so gallantly, and which they had so nearly won. Still the expulsion of Radetsky, and the entire defeat of Ferdinand, showed capacities for which neither Milan nor Palermo could have previously gained credit. Both the Piedmontese regulars and the Roman and Tuscan volunteers distinguished themselves by a steady and determined courage, on numerous occasions, which the soldiers of no country could surpass. But it was at Rome and Venice that the Italian nation won her spurs, and made good her claim to join the communion of the noble and free states of the earth. In the former city, when the Pope had fled, the republicans organized a government which for five months preserved order throughout the land, such as Romagna had not known for generations, with no bloodshed, and scarcely any imprisonment or exile ; indeed, with a marvellous scantiness of punishment of any kind. While, during nearly the whole of this period, Rome, with 14,000 improvised troops, made good her defence against

\* Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, vol. ii., p. 101.

30,000 French, supplied with the best artillery, and commanded by experienced generals, and Garibaldi drove the invading army of Naples before him like frightened sheep. With such means and against such antagonists it was impossible to have done more: in the face of such hopeless odds few people and few cities would have done as much. For a space of time yet longer, Venice, under the elected dictatorship of one man, put forward energies and displayed virtues which were little expected from the most pleasure-loving and sybaritic city of the world. The wealthy brought their stores, the dissolute shook off their luxury, the effeminate braced themselves to hardship and exertion, and, without assistance or allies, these heroic citizens kept at bay for many months the whole force of the Austrian Empire, and at last obtained liberal and honorable terms. After two such examples as these, the Italians can never again be despised as incapable and cowardly, or pronounced unfit for the freedom they had seized so gallantly and wielded so well. The comparison of 1848 with 1821 indicates a whole century of progress; and makes us confident, in spite of the cloudy and impenetrable present, that the day of the final emancipation of Italy must be near at hand.

Then Italy and Hungary—how unlike France and Germany—have shown themselves rich in men not unequal to or unworthy of the crisis. While in the two latter countries, convulsions so deep and startling, exigencies so suggestive and imperative, as seemed especially fitted to call forth whatever genius and greatness might be lying dormant in obscure inaction waiting for its hour, have brought to light no single man of eminence or commanding character—while, in those times of trial which test of what metal men are made, many reputations have been ruined, and none have been created—in the east and in the south men have sprung up as they were wanted, and such as were wanted. Hungary has produced Kossuth, a writer and a statesman, fitted for any station, “equal to either fortune,” revered, loved, and almost worshipped by his countrymen, in despite of that failure generally so fatal to all popular idols. In Italy—not to speak of Balbo, Capponi, and other less known names—three men of tried capacities and characters have appeared, and made good their claim to be leaders and organizers of Italian independence, Azeglio, Mazzini, and Manin. As patriotic writer, as gallant soldier, as prime minister of a constitutional kingdom, the first of these has shown his devotion to Italy and his ability to serve her; and, both as virtual ruler of Piedmont, and head of the moderate party, is probably now the most essential man in the Peninsula. Mazzini, who previously had been regarded as merely an impracticable, fanatical enthusiast, displayed, as chief of the Roman Triumvirate, capacity both for administration and for war, which mark him as the future statesman of Rome, when Rome shall again be in her own hands; while Manin, who, as far as we are aware, was wholly unknown to fame, appeared at the critical moment when the fate of Venice hung in the balance, gifted with the precise qualities demanded by the emergency. When Italy shall be free, we need not fear any lack of men competent to guide her destinies.

5. All these, however, may by some be undervalued or denied as imaginary gains. But one great material fact stands out, an unquestionable reality. The revolutionary and the reactionary deluge have alike swept by, and the Sardinian constitution is

left standing. The free institutions established by Charles Albert on the 4th of March, 1848, have survived his death, the utter defeat of the Piedmontese army, and the attempts of internal foes, and are still in active and successful operation under the successor of the monarch who granted them, and under the ministry of the nobleman whose labors were mainly instrumental in procuring them. A short sketch of the chief provisions of the constitution will show its real value, and the immense importance not only to Piedmont, but to all Italy, of its permanence and successful working.

The State of Sardinia is a representative monarchy: the throne is hereditary, and the person of the king inviolable. In him is concentrated the whole executive power of the state. He makes peace and declares war; appoints to all offices, and concludes all treaties—with this proviso that any treaties involving taxation or a variation of territory are invalid without the consent of the chambers.

The legislative power resides in the king and the two chambers, collectively. The chambers must be convoked every year, but the king has the power of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. The initiation of laws is common to all three branches of the legislature. The civil list of the king shall be fixed by the chambers on his accession to the throne, when he shall take a solemn oath of allegiance to the constitution.

The Chamber of Deputies is chosen by electors of all classes who pay a very small amount of direct taxes, all heads of trading or industrial establishments, and parties engaged in arts and professions, (employment in which is assumed to indicate capacity and education.) The deputies are required to be thirty years of age; they are inviolable during session except for flagrant crime; they are *representatives*, not *delegates* bound by authoritative instructions; they are chosen for five years; and have the right of impeachment over the ministers.

The Senate is composed of members nominated by the king for life, out of a variety of classes; *e. g.*, the archbishops and bishops, president and experienced members of the Chamber of Deputies, the ambassadors and ministers of state, the chief magistrates, judges, generals, and admirals, members of the Academy of Sciences, and generally all who have rendered eminent services, or done honor to their country. The Senate is, like our House of Lords, the Supreme Court of Judicature of the realm.

All citizens, of every class, are equal before the law, and all contribute to the state in proportion to their means. No man can be arrested without a legal warrant. The press is free; the right of public meeting is guaranteed; and no taxes can be imposed without the consent of the chambers.

The judges are irremovable after they have served three years. All judicial proceedings are to be conducted in strict conformity to the written law.

This constitution, which secures civil rights and equal freedom to every citizen—and is, in fact, our own, minus an hereditary House of Peers—has now been in active operation for more than three years, to the general satisfaction of all parties. The Marquis Massimo d’Azeglio, who is at the head of the ministry, is an able, popular, and well tried man, who appears thoroughly to comprehend the working of free institutions, and can generally command in the chambers a majority of two to one. As long as he lives and remains at the helm we have little fear of any mismanagement or serious imbroglio; and it is to be hoped that a few years’ practice may train up many statesmen fitted to succeed him when he shall retire or die. It is scarcely possible, we think, to estimate too highly

the ultimate gain to the cause of liberty and good government throughout Italy, by this establishment of a constitutional limited monarchy in one corner of the Peninsula. It will be impossible for either Austria or the smaller states to govern so despotically as they have done, with such a reproach and such an example at their side. It will be impossible, also, for the radical party any longer to declare that no substantial liberty can be enjoyed by Italy except under a republic. On the one side it will shame tyrants; on the other, it will instruct freemen. In time of peace it will train up patriotic statesmen for future emergencies; in time of disturbance it will be a banner to rally round. It will give Italians a definite example to follow—a definite object to demand. It will show that even in Italy liberty is not incompatible with order and progress, and will, we trust, pave the way to a national prosperity, that may excite at once the admiration and the emulation of surrounding states. Piedmont, though defeated at Novara, may yet, on another field, with nobler weapons, and in a higher sense, be the regenerator and emancipator of Italy.

In the other states of Italy, though not a trace remains of their transient liberal institutions, though the press is silenced, and every book of interest or value is prohibited, though the most stupid and cruel oppressions are daily accumulating wrath against the day of wrath, though the Pope has returned to his vomit, and the Neapolitan sow to its wallowing in the mire—yet no man who is acquainted with the internal feelings of the country has lost heart. The passion for liberty, independence, and nationality, has enormously gained ground; the municipal jealousies which divided the several sections and cities of the Peninsula have been materially weakened; the Papal tyranny is becoming daily more odious;—the Mazzini party, as it is called, is admitted, even by its opponents, to be rapidly spreading;—and, if the impatient man who is at its head can have forbearance to bide his time, and wait his opportunity, it may well prove that the day of deliverance is far nearer than is thought. When that day comes, it is more than probable that the conduct of the people, and the result to princes, will be very different from those last displayed.

#### DEBATE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SMALL BIRDS.

Few of the debates which have sprung up during the present session of the Legislature of Connecticut (says the Hartford Courant) have been listened to with more attention, or have apparently excited a deeper interest, than that which occupied the attention of the House on the third reading of the bill "to prevent the destruction of certain small birds;" and, though some time has passed since it took place, the interest to see it in print is so general that we have endeavored, with the aid of some who took part in the debate, to collect what was said on that occasion.

The bill was reported by the committee on the judiciary, and provides—

That any person who shall shoot, or in any other manner kill, destroy, entrap, ensnare, or otherwise capture upon lands not owned or occupied by himself, any of the following birds, viz., robin, blue-bird, swallow, martin or swift, night or musquito hawk, whip-poor-will, cuckoo, king-bird, wake-up or high

hole, wood-pecker, cat-bird, long-tailed thrush or brown thrasher, mourning dove, meadow lark or marsh quail, fire-bird or summer red-bird, hanging-bird spider-bird or wax-bird, ground robin or chewheat, bob-o-link or rice-bird, sparrow, yellow-bird, or phebe, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five dollars.

On its second reading there appeared to be in some quarters a disposition to ridicule the bill, as scarcely worthy the attention of so dignified a body, and the whole matter was spoken of as "small game." On the third reading, Mr. Andrews, of New Britain, endeavored to give a different turn to the debate and the feeling of members on the subject.

Mr. Andrews said he rose for the purpose of moving to add to the list of birds proposed to be protected by this bill the names of several others which had been omitted. He spoke of the great value and interest of the race of birds, not only on account of their beautiful plumage and their delightful melody, but as forming a most important link in that chain by which the whole visible creation was united, and the comparative numbers of the various races of animals duly regulated. They are designed to act a most important part in the economy of nature, by holding in check the tendency of the insect species to increase to myriads, and, like the locust of the east, to sweep from the earth every vestige of the vegetable creation. That such a tendency to increase on the part of the insect tribes actually existed, and that without the requisite checks the whole earth would be laid waste by them, was sufficiently apparent to all who had deeply reflected upon the subject. But among the checks to this increase none were probably more important or efficacious than the feathered songsters of the fields and the groves. Ever in motion, with keen eye and eager appetite, they were every moment seizing upon their prey as it lurked beneath the bark of trees or crept over leaf or flower, and thus kept in check the most destructive enemy with which the farmer or the florist was called to contend. But while thus engaged as the farmer's most efficient coadjutor and friend, it was his misfortune almost everywhere to be treated like an enemy, and even to be persecuted for the very acts which most redounded to the benefit of man.

Mr. A. remarked that several years since, while travelling in western Carolina and Virginia, he passed through a forest where the timber on some hundreds of acres was all dead and decaying. Inquiry was made of a countryman respecting the cause of this devastation. He replied that the trees had been killed by *wood-peckers*, which had been increasing in that neighborhood for some years, and though they had killed as many of them as possible, it was all to little purpose; that they were continually pecking the trees, until the whole forest far and wide was destroyed. This was a good exemplification of what our own farmers and their sons were constantly doing. These wood-peckers had doubtless been drawn together by the myriads of wood-worms, the grub of the *Buprestes* and other insects bred beneath the bark of the forest trees, and which were at that time engaged in devouring the fresh wood deposited beneath the bark of those trees. The real enemy was concealed from sight, and the friend who was searching out and destroying this enemy, wherever his keen ear detected their stealthy gnawings, was taken, like the poor and faithful dog of Llewellyn, as the

destructive foe, and like him consigned to swift destruction. So it was now with the blackbird, which was ever ready to follow the farmer through the furrowed field, and to seize upon the worm whose secret mischief was disturbed by the unexpected inroad of the ploughshare. Through every day of the long summer he plied his useful labor, but alas for his safety! It was said that sometimes in the early spring, while searching for the grub, which would soon, if not detected, destroy the buried corn, he meets with a few, a very few kernels of that corn which his efforts are tending to protect, and incontinently devours them. Mr. A. wished that notwithstanding this sin of ignorance on the part of this useful bird, he could see in the House a disposition to protect his life from the wanton attacks everywhere made upon it; but he feared to propose it, lest it should bring the other little songsters into danger from being found associated in the same bill with a bird that had suffered so much in his good name. He would, however, venture to propose to add the woodpecker and a few other confessedly harmless tenants of our fields and forests.

Mr. Boardman, of New Haven, said: It was some eminent genius, I think it was Goethe, who said, "The works of nature are ever to me a freshly uttered word of God." I sympathize earnestly in that sentiment. We are everywhere overwhelmed with proofs of the power and goodness of that God who has made all nature beauty to the eye and music to the ear. Our brilliant sun, and clear, pure air, which even Italy cannot surpass; our gorgeous sunsets; the dark luxuriance of our forests; the rich and varied products of our teeming soil, are ever objects of grateful contemplation in the morning's dawn or the evening twilight. At such moments nothing so fills the heart with gratitude, and often the eye with tears, as the free, joyous singing of the birds in the garden and orchard. It stirs the purest, gentlest, sweetest sympathies of our nature. It civilizes and refines the heart—and if I were desirous of educating a youth for happiness and usefulness, I would begin and never cease teaching him to admire and love the beautiful and wonderful works of God. It is easily taught—let the father or the friend give tongue to his own thoughts in the hearing of the boy, and tell him what to admire in the painting of the sunset, the melody of the grove, the beauty of the flowers, the forms and tints of the landscape, the music of the restless ocean—no lessons can be more permanent or effective. If generally taught, we should soon redeem our national reputation from the charge of a want of taste and refinement. We are called at times a nation of young barbarians, and, although the charge is not true, I am sorry to say there is something to make it out of. There is no people in the civilized world among whom the destructive tendency is so prominent as in the young American—nothing escapes his gun and his knife. In the grounds of the capitol at Washington, a beautiful flower, raised with great care and expense, cannot be preserved a minute without the constant vigilance of the police. Now in the garden of the Tuileries and the Schoenbrunn, the most exquisite productions of nature and art are exposed, every day, within reach of the eyes and hands of hundreds and millions, who love and admire them more than our people could possibly do, and yet not a flower is ever touched. Such beautiful objects are regarded with a veneration that removes all fear of injury. Public opinion

founded on cultivated public taste is the best possible security. Children can be taught to love or hate anything. The Lapland boy of ten years delights himself, above all things, with blubber—and the first real feast of the Northern soldiery, upon their entrance into Paris, was made upon the oil of the street lamps. It is easier to cultivate a taste for the true and the beautiful. Let the schoolmaster, in our primary schools, himself feel in his own heart the beauty and magnificence of the works of God, and speak of them to his boys with the enthusiasm they ought to inspire, and which led the Psalmist to exclaim, "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!" I would require it as a school exercise—every new day, every declining sun, should bring its glow of gratitude and admiration. Thus should we strike at the root of the destructive propensity of our boys, and implant in its stead a love of the beautiful in nature and art, a source of never-failing enjoyment. In the mean time, sir, let us punish the young barbarian for destroying the singing birds, and, if he has no feeling himself, compel him to respect that of his civilized neighbors.

Mr. Howe, of Hartford, said: I should not have detained the House by any remarks of mine upon the bill now under consideration, had not a few words which I playfully spoke the other day when it was under consideration been received by the chairman who reported the bill as designed to cast ridicule upon it. Nothing was further from my intention, and on the spot I so stated privately to him, and I now desire before the House to utterly disclaim any such design on my part, and to say, from the bottom of my heart, I desire its passage. The gentleman from New Haven has alluded, most appropriately and impressively, to the different habits of the people of Europe as compared with our own in relation to the subject now before us; and most touchingly has he portrayed to us the sacredness with which, from their education and habits of life, all classes are accustomed to preserve their public parks and gardens; and in this particular how unfavorably our own American citizens compare! It must be observed by every intelligent American, in his visits to that country, and I think nothing coming under his observation arrests his attention quicker, or strikes him more forcibly, than when, on his first visit to Paris, as he walks in an afternoon to the extensive gardens of the Tuileries, in its centre, and beholds them filled, at great expense, with the choicest and rarest plants and flowers, as well as rare domesticated birds, all open to the public, frequented by all classes at their will, still remaining untouched and unharmed. It is a beautiful sight, sir, to see the citizen in humble life, with his little family around him, towards the close of the day, enjoying there, free as air, the beauties of that lovely and enchanting spot; and there, sir, germ and grow the finer sensibilities of our nature.

And now, sir, if there is one propensity which I would eradicate from the breast of my children, it is that which leads them to destroy the feathered warblers which frequent our fields and parks, or our gardens; and while I would not unreasonably abridge the sports or pastime of my friends from our country towns, I ask them confidently, sir, to aid us in the passage of such laws as will enable large towns so fortunate as to have parks, or private individuals residing in them so much blessed as to



have ground attached to their residences, that the little songsters that frequent them may be protected from the ruthless hand of the destroyer, and thus be preserved one of the dearest and most ennobling accompaniments to our earthly residence that God has given us.

Mr. Burr, of Killingworth, moved to erase the long-tailed thrush, as he was an arrant corn-thief.

Mr. Boardman.—I hope not, sir. The thrush is the sweetest of our singers, the prima donna of our troupe. When he sings with a full heart, the whole air is filled to intoxication with his gushing melody. He is greatly superior to the nightingale of England, and even the Swedish Nightingale herself has listened to him with perfect admiration and despair. Could I have every thrush in the state on my own grounds, most cheerfully would I feed them for a tithe of the melody that they furnish to the gentleman of Killingworth every day.

Mr. Burr replied that he was well aware that the thrush was one of the sweetest songsters in nature's grand choir, yet it was nevertheless true that he was a great annoyance to the farmer; and he was therefore reluctantly compelled to move to strike out his name.

Mr. Andrews, of New Britain, said that though he was a farmer and the son of a farmer, he had never heard anything said until this morning against the character of the thrush. In his part of the state this beautiful bird bore an excellent reputation, and if in any other section he had lapsed into dishonest habits, it must have been because in those sections he had fallen into bad company. He should be very sorry to see him stricken from the bill.

Mr. Boardman.—One word more, Mr. Speaker. A great diversity of opinion exists among farmers concerning the depredations committed upon their crops by birds. A law was once enacted in Virginia offering a bounty for the destruction of the crows that destroyed their corn. A war of extermination followed, and the extermination of the corn also; for in many districts the ravages of the worms were such, after the removal of the crows, that the farmers would gladly have paid back their money if they could have established the dynasty of the crows again.

Mr. Burr again insisted that the thrush was the cause of much mischief in the farmers' corn-fields; and appealed to the farmers present to sustain his position.

Mr. Benton, of Guildford, said he was one of the farmers appealed to, and desired to say he had never heard the thrush evil spoken of; he was of opinion that if they disturbed the corn in Killingworth it was because the land was so poor that it would not produce worms.

Mr. Trumbull, of Stonington, remarked that this law did not restrain people from killing birds on their own lands, but was designed to curtail the liberties of those lawless intruders who are fired with an insatiable ambition to destroy harmless birds on others' premises.

Amendment lost.

Mr. Olney, of Thomson, moved to amend by erasing the word king-bird, as he had a bad reputation among the honey-bees.

Several persons objected, on the ground that this bird was an enemy to the whole insect race, and could not be well spared. The good he did far overbalanced the evil.

Mr. Phelps, of Windsor, coincided with the remarks of other gentlemen. He thought the birds did more good than harm, and he wished any gentleman whose fields were troubled by them to call upon him, and he would tell them how to obviate the mischief without killing them.

Amendment lost.

Mr. Osgood moved to insert the black-bird.

Mr. Boardman said that, though he believed the black-bird to be one of the farmer's best friends, still his bad reputation, if the amendment should be adopted, might tend to defeat the bill.

Amendment adopted.

Mr. Osgood moved to amend further by inserting the quail. He was for putting an end to the poaching propensities of certain professional hunters, who go strolling over other people's premises, banging away at everything, and thus endangering the lives of the people in the rural districts.

Some one thought the quail already protected by the laws respecting game; if it was not, it ought by all means to be inserted in the bill.

Amendment adopted.

Mr. Godfrey, of Fairfield, moved to insert the humming-bird. Adopted.

An amendment in favor of the wren was also adopted.

Mr. Burr moved to insert the crow. He knew that by many he was regarded as an unmitigated scoundrel, but he thought he had done more good than was generally supposed, and should be protected. Amendment lost.

Mr. Boardman said that, at the suggestion of an eminent naturalist, he wished to add the rose-breasted gosbreast. It was a beautiful bird, which had recently made its appearance in the gardens in this vicinity.

Amendment adopted, and bill as amended passed.

From the Spectator.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET ON NAPLES.

Of all the events of this year, at home or abroad, one of the most striking is the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the State Prosecutions of Naples.\* If the mere announcement has caused such a demand as to call forth a second edition almost before the first was published, the perusal of it will excite a still greater sensation in this country, and, though for different reasons, on the continent. In this country it will create sentiments of surprise and horror. Although the general character of the statements is not new, they come before the world with an aspect wholly novel. From this pamphlet the cautious Englishman will learn with amazement that the charges of the Italian Patriots against the government of Naples are not only true, but even fall short of the reality; that the case stated with every conceivable precaution, not by a *Pepé* or a *Mazzini*, but by a Gladstone—a leader of our own Conservative party, a man only too scrupulous and fastidiously exact—is stronger than they ever conceived it to be.

\* "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. for the University of Oxford. Second edition." Published by Mr. Murray.

The very precautions that he uses to exclude everything but his own main object—to avoid everything like a cumulative case against Naples—give to his narrative an appalling force. The reader understands that he is perusing only a part of the whole history against that iniquitous government. Before stating the facts, Mr. Gladstone expressly sets aside any political or social questions, whether of logical relation or of legal right, arising out of the constitution; he treats that as a mere dream or fiction. He excludes the question of Sicily. He raises no political questions except those which are forced upon him by the details that he has to relate. He begins, as a member of the great conservative party in Europe, with a bias in favor of established government. We need not tell our readers who Mr. Gladstone is; with what high constitutional feelings, with what disciplined reasoning, with what a deep sense of responsibility, he must enter upon a statement of the kind—a statement deliberately received by a nobleman not less than himself distinguished for high-minded conservatism, Lord Aberdeen, minister for foreign affairs in Sir Robert Peel's administration.

Such is the writer. He begins by contradicting the "general impression that the organization of the governments of Southern Italy is defective—that the administration of justice is tainted with corruption—that instances of abuse or cruelty among subordinate public functionaries are not uncommon, and that political offences are punished with severity, and with no great regard to the forms of justice." This vague supposition has no relation to the actual truth of the Neapolitan case.

It is not mere imperfection, not corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe: it is incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law, by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law unwritten and eternal, human and divine; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the government is in bitter and cruel as well as utterly illegal hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves and forms the main-spring of practical progress and improvement; it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law under the stimulant of fear and vengeance; it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately, by the immediate advisers of the crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, ay, and, even if not by capital sentences, the life, of men among the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined of the whole community; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as in a lower degree of physical torture, through which the sentences extracted from the debased courts of justice are carried into effect.

The effect of all this is, total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. There is no association, but a violent antagonism, between the idea of freedom and that of order. The governing power, which teaches of itself that it is the image of God upon earth, is clothed in the view of the overwhelming majority of the thinking public with all the vices for its attributes.

I have seen and heard the strong and too true expression used, "This is the negation of God erected into a system of government."

General belief calculates that the political prisoners in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies are in number between fifteen or twenty and thirty thousand; the government seems to confess to two thousand, but the reader of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet will not believe the Neapolitan government; facts and figures stated by Mr. Gladstone, official but not possible to be concealed, show that the estimate of two thousand is unreasonable, that of twenty thousand not unreasonable. Amongst the persons imprisoned or exiled was the whole "Opposition" in the Chamber of Deputies elected under the constitution.

The law of Naples requires that personal liberty shall be inviolable except under warrant of a court of justice; but, in fact, men are continually seized, "by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, without any warrant whatever, sometimes without even any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman—constantly without any statement whatever of the nature of the offence." The lowest creatures are employed as police agents; the prisoner is taunted into sedition, or charges are fabricated; the courts refuse to receive evidence in favor of the prisoner. As a specimen of the treatment, Mr. Gladstone relates in detail the case of Carlo Poerio, a distinguished lawyer, a late cabinet minister, a strict constitutionalist of the respectable English pattern. He was accused, by means of repeated forgeries and barefaced fabrications, of belonging to a republican sect; his accuser was Jervolino, a disappointed applicant for some low office; one of his fellow-prisoners, a noble, was vainly urged by the director of police, under promises of "arrangement" and threats of "destruction," to testify to Poerio's acquaintance with certain revolutionary handbills; at the trial, Jervolino could answer no questions about the pretended society; a witness deposed that Jervolino received a pension of twelve ducats a month from the government; Poerio was allowed to call no more witnesses; his judge was one of the persons threatened to be assailed by the pretended society, and the same judge makes no secret of his opinion that all persons charged by the king's government ought to be found guilty.

One specimen of this judge's effrontery may be given.

In two cases it happened to be within the knowledge of the counsel for the prisoners that the perjured witnesses against them did not even know them by sight. In one of these the counsel desired to be allowed to ask the witness to point out the accused persons among the whole number of those charged, who were all sitting together. The court refused permission. In the other case, the counsel challenged the witness to point out the man of whose proceedings he was speaking. If I am rightly informed, Navarro, whom I have so lately mentioned, affecting not to hear the question, called out to the prisoner, "Stand up, Signor Nisco; the court has a question to ask you." This was done, and counsel then informed that he might pursue his examination. A laugh of bitter mockery ran through the court.

Poerio was condemned to twenty-four years of irons.

In February last, Poerio, and sixteen of the co-accused, (with few of whom, however, he had any

previous acquaintance,) were confined in the *Bagno di Nisida*, near the *Lazaretto*. For one half hour in the week, a little prolonged by the leniency of the superintendent, they were allowed to see their friends outside the prison. This was their sole view of the natural beauties with which they were surrounded. At other times they were exclusively within the walls. The whole number of them, except I think one, then in the infirmary, were confined night and day in a single room of about sixteen palms in length by ten or twelve in breadth, and about ten in height; I think with some small yard for exercise. Something like a fifth must be taken off these numbers to convert palms into feet. When the beds were let down at night there was no space whatever between them; they could only get out at the foot, and, being chained two and two, only in pairs. In this room they had to cook or prepare what was sent them by the kindness of their friends. On one side the level of the ground is over the top of the room; it, therefore, reeked with damp; and from this, tried with long confinement, they declared they suffered greatly. There was one window, of course unglazed; and let not an Englishman suppose that this constant access of the air in the Neapolitan climate is agreeable or innocuous; on the contrary, it is even more important to health there than here to have the means of excluding the open air, for example, before and at sunset. Vicissitude of climate, again, is quite as much felt there as here, and the early morning is sometimes bitterly cold.

Their chains were as follows. Each man wears a strong leathern girth round him above the hips. To this are secured the upper ends of two chains. One chain of four long and heavy links descends to a kind of double ring fixed round the ankle. The second chain consists of eight links, each of the same weight and length with the four; and this unites the two prisoners together, so that they can stand about six feet apart. Neither of these chains is ever undone, day or night. The dress of common felons, which, as well as the felon's cap, was there worn by the late cabinet minister of King Ferdinand of Naples, is composed of a rough and coarse red jacket, with trousers of the same material—very like the cloth made in this country from what is called devil's dust; the trousers are nearly black in color. On his head he had a small cap which makes up the suit; it is of the same material. The trousers button all the way up, that they may be removed at night without disturbing the chains.

The weight of these chains, I understand, is about eight rotoli, or between sixteen and seventeen English pounds for the shorter one, which must be doubled when we give each prisoner his half of the longer one. The prisoners have a heavy limping movement, much as if one leg had been shorter than the other. But the refinement of suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here we have men of education and high feeling chained incessantly together. For no purpose are these chains undone; and the meaning of these last words must be well considered—they are to be taken strictly.

Poerio has since been transferred to a worse and more secluded dungeon at *Ischia*.

"*Crimine ab uno disce omnes*;" this is only one specimen of many. Mr. Gladstone visited other prisons, tasted the black bread, was not enabled to taste the loathsome soup. But we break off; the reader of this must procure the pamphlet—he will not lay it down till he has read it through, and he will then understand how much we are tempted to multiply these specimens.

Mr. Gladstone had refrained from publishing the first letter, in order that Lord Aberdeen, as an individual, might make a friendly representation to the government of Naples. The statement having

been met by miserable special-pleading, Mr. Gladstone publishes his letter; with a second, explaining the cause of the delay.

On the government of Naples I had no claim whatever; but as a man I felt and knew it to be my duty to testify to what I had credibly heard, or personally seen, of the needless and acute sufferings of men. Yet, aware that such testimony, when once launched, is liable to be used for purposes neither intended nor desired by those who hear it, and that in times of irritability and misgiving, such as these are on the Continent of Europe, slight causes may occasionally produce, or may tend and aid to produce, effects less inconsiderable, I willingly postponed any public appeal until the case should have been seen in private by those whose conduct it principally touched. It has been so seen. They have made their option.

But in this second letter he goes somewhat further back; tracing the cause of judicial corruption in the political corruption of the Neapolitan government. He cites the constitution empowering the people to elect that Parliament whose entire opposition has been driven into imprisonment or exile; establishing a "limited, hereditary, and constitutional monarchy, under representative forms;" establishing a Chamber of Peers and Deputies; declaring that "no description of impost can be decreed except in virtue of a law;" also that "personal liberty is guaranteed," except under "due warrant of law." Now in fact this constitution is violated in all essentials; how personal liberty is respected, we have seen; there exists no Chamber of Peers or Deputies; "all taxes are imposed and levied under royal authority alone;" in short, "the monarchy of Naples is perfectly absolute and unlimited." Knowing these facts, the reader will be shocked to peruse the adjuration which is in the preamble to the constitution, given by King Ferdinand, as he says, "of our own full, free, and spontaneous will!"

In the awful name of the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity, to whom alone it appertains to read the depths of the heart, and whom we loudly invoke as the judge of the simplicity of our intentions, and of the unreserved sincerity with which we have determined to enter upon the paths of the new political order;

Having heard with mature deliberation, our Council of State;

We have decided upon proclaiming, and we do proclaim, as irrevocably ratified by us, the following Constitution.

In that awful name!

But even that is justified—not by the precedents of the king's two immediate predecessors, though they are strictly applicable—but by a deliberate attempt to corrupt the Neapolitan mind. A book has been published and forced into general use, entitled "*Catechismo Filosofico, per l'uso delle Scuole Inferiori*;" the authorship of which is ascribed to an ecclesiastic at the head of the Commission of Public Instruction. It is a catechism for young scholars, in the form of a dialogue between master and scholar; and is avowedly intended to counteract the false philosophy of the liberals, who are described as vicious and bad men. It teaches that the royal power is unlimited, because it is of divine origin; that "the people cannot of itself establish fundamental laws in a state," because such laws "are of necessity a limitation of the sovereignty," which would then be no longer "the highest paramount power ordained of God for the

well-being of society;" and that a sovereign is bound to keep a constitution which he has "promised or sworn to maintain"—only "provided it is not opposed to the general interests of the state."

In a word, says the Catechism, an OATH never can become an obligation to commit evil; and therefore cannot bind a sovereign to do what is injurious to his subjects. Besides, the Head of the Church has authority from God to release consciences from oaths, when he judges that there is suitable cause for it.

Mr. Gladstone has seen that a similar system prevails in Lombardy, Modena, and Rome. He testifies to the patience, the fortitude, and the indestructible kindness of the Neapolitans; he evidently wonders at their forbearance. He has learned for himself what Absolutism is in its working; and of that working, in one department, the English public now has a view on evidence above suspicion.

THE Peace Congress, with its annual conferences, appears, like its predecessor, the Anti-Slavery Society, to be in a fair way to become one of our national institutions—a kind of volunteer Foreign Office, or diplomatic dépôt. Meetings at which Sir David Brewster presides, which M. de Girardin visits and Victor Hugo recognizes, and which are backed by the whole influence of Exeter Hall, are realities. Many who regard the idea of universal disarmament as a dream, admit that the propensity to war is so strong in society as to render the counteraction of a sect which carries its principles to the other extreme not undesirable. A piece of wood which has got a twist may be straightened by bending it for a time in the opposite direction. During the three days that the Congress sat this week, some abstract principles and sentiments were expressed, and well expressed, which command the assent of all reflecting men. The practical suggestions at the conferences were perhaps less felicitous. Mr. Cobden expatiated on his scheme of national arbitration; but he does not make much progress in imparting to it a more definite and practical shape; he does little more than repeat what he has been saying for years. The resolution condemnatory of loans for warlike purposes was supported with singular reticence. Mr. Gurney, "though he fully concurred in the terms of the resolution, was not prepared to agree in all that had been said of it;" and Mr. Cobden declared, that the same considerations which weighed with Mr. Gurney, prevented him from going fully into the question—he felt himself precluded from "showing up" the financial condition of Austria. The Peace Congress, in short, like most of the movements that emanate from Exeter Hall, appears to combine the best possible intentions with a certain helpless awkwardness in its attempts to realize them.—*Spectator*, 26 July.

How would the people of England feel were they deprived of their penny postage? The bold innovation of Rowland Hill has become a familiar thing, as necessary to our comfort as oral conversation. The feasibility of an "ocean penny postage" has for the last year or two been under discussion, and a movement has just been made that promises before long to place within our reach this extension of the Rowland Hill emancipation of letter-writers from fiscal surcharges. An association has been formed—of which Lord Ashburton, Sir Roderick Murchison, Baron Charles Dupin, Herr von Viebahn, and other distin-

guished Englishmen and foreigners, are members—for the purpose of inducing the governments of their respective countries to establish a low and uniform rate of postage on letters to and from all parts of the world. The association propose that the whole postage on foreign letters shall be prepaid in all countries, by means of postage-stamps, and according to one uniform scale of weights. Postal conventions have already been concluded by England with France, the United States of North America, Russia, Prussia, Austria, eighteen other German states, some of the Northern European states, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Sardinia, and Tuscany, under which the whole postage on foreign letters will be collected in the country in which they are posted. The extension of this "postal league" to meet the views of the association presents no difficulties of moment. The boon to friends at a distance, and to merchants, would be inestimable. Such a postal alliance would be a most efficient "peace congress."—*Spectator*, 26 July.

THE death of the venerable Dr. Lingard was barely mentioned in our postscript last week. Dr. Lingard died in the same quiet little village of Lancashire where he had lived so long as a parish priest.

Born in 1769—the birth-year of Napoleon and Wellington—he was destined to the Roman Catholic priesthood, and received his education at the seminary of Douai. On entering into holy orders, he returned to England, and became a parish priest among the collier population of Northumberland. He was the first to lead the way back in historical research to the times of the Heptarchy; and his *History of the Anglo-Saxon Church* was published originally in an obscure manner at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the author was in his thirty-seventh year, and unknown as a writer beyond the limits of his parish. This volume, however, brought him prominently forward in literature; and his subsequent composition and publication of the *History of England* placed him at once among the best writers of the day. The first volume was published thirteen years later than the *History of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, when Dr. Lingard was the pastor of Hornby. The library of the Vatican was placed at his disposal, with the collection of records left by the Stuarts, which are deposited there. His whole life appears to have been passed in his clerical avocations and in scholarly retirement. He was a man, of whom all parties have spoken well; and his abstinence from the politico-religious contests of his day has even added to his reputation. One of his most notable productions is an English version of the New Testament, said to be superior to the Douai version.

A report has been circulated that Dr. Lingard was afraid to die. This report has been contradicted by Mr. Johnson, of Lancaster, the medical adviser and friend of the deceased, in a letter to Mr. Dolman, the publisher, Dr. Lingard's nephew. Mr. Johnson is a Protestant, and above suspicion.

"For many years, probably thirty or more, I have had the confidence of the venerated historian as his medical adviser and friend. I beg to state, that he never manifested, on any occasion whatever, an unreasonable fear of any kind. He was, in my humble judgment, as wise and good a man, his mind as highly cultivated and as thoroughly disciplined, as is attainable in this life. During the whole of his last illness he was uniformly cheerful, tranquil, and resigned. Not a word or gesture betrayed complaint, impatience, or dread of any kind."—*Spectator*, 26 July.